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Saturday Review

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THE TASTE FOR ANARCHY
By Malcolm Bradbury

PLAYING FOR FISCHER-DIESKAU
By Gerald Moore

The Singer as Seen by His Accompanist

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Doris Lessing, author of "The Golden Notebook," on Literary Horizons

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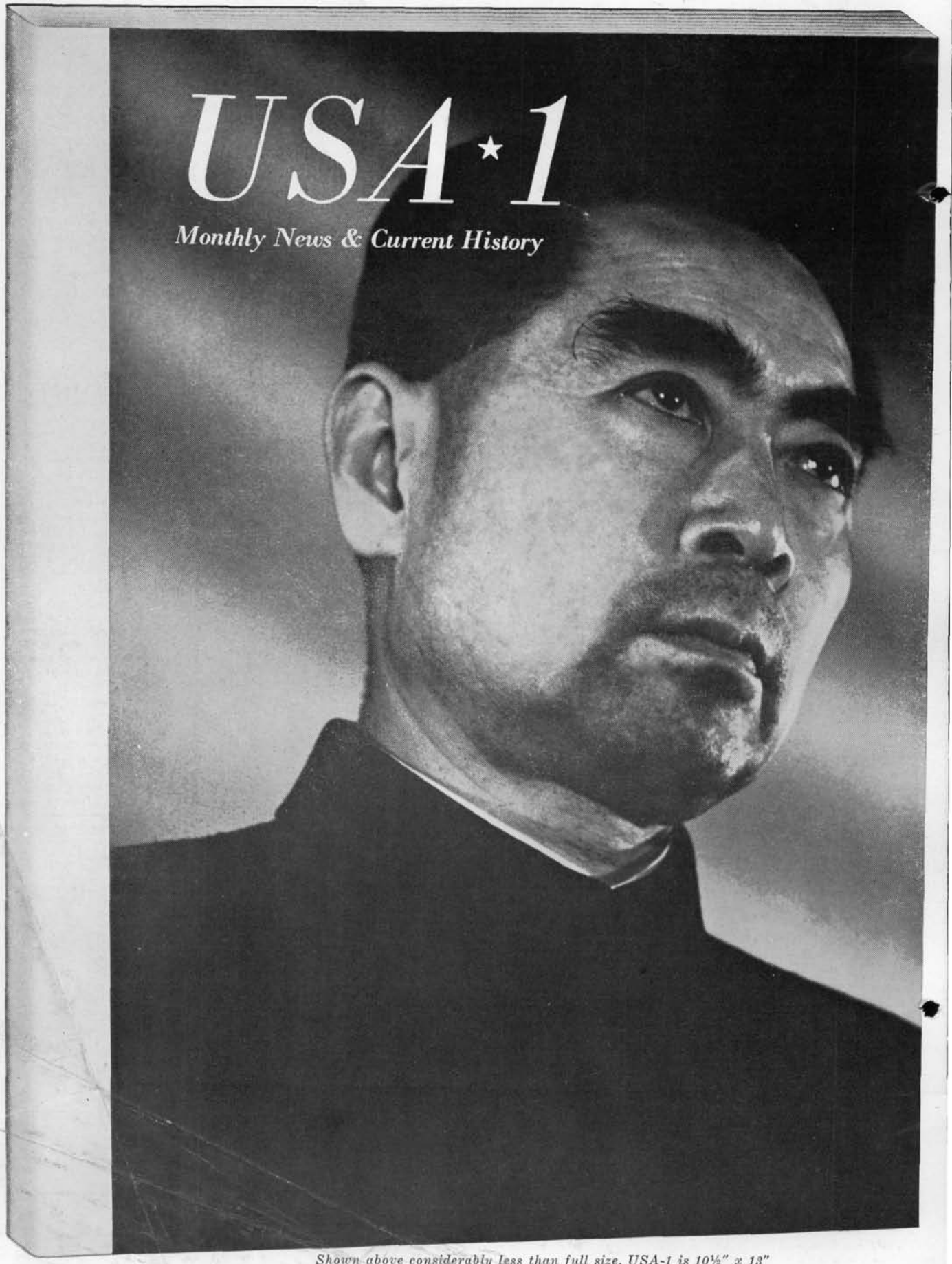

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"*USA 1* is attracting a lot of attention in the magazine world"
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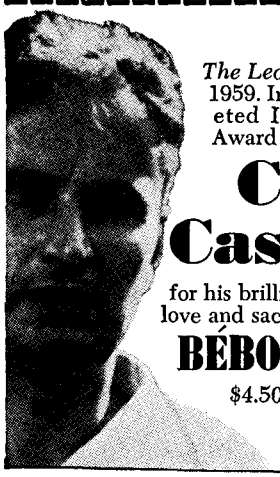

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Saturday Review

JUNE 30, 1962

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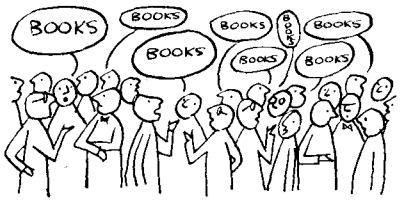
TRADE Winds

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION of the American Booksellers Association always puts the publishing business into focus for me. This June was no exception. There were 2,000 publishers, editors, salesmen, promotion people, authors, and bookshop managers and proprietors at the four-day imbroglio at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington.



You could pick brains at any stage of the game—from an original book idea all the way along to conjectures on whether the finished product would sell in Salt Lake City a year or two hence.

If any segment of the trade was missing, it was the representatives of the discount houses. But they stayed back at their stores where they were busy dispensing best sellers at 40 per cent off list. However, they were hung in effigy at the convention, and occasionally a bookseller would kick hard at a straw figure for comfort.

THERE WERE SO MANY AUTHORS milling about at this meeting that it was perfectly safe to ask almost anyone about his book. You had to phrase the question carefully, however, so it would cover a book that came out last year, that was coming out soon, or that was being worked on.

"How's the book doing?" is the safest way of accomplishing this. Only once did I hit a prolific fellow who responded, "Which one?" That was Harrison Salisbury. I brilliantly answered, "The novel," and he carried on from there. (It's "The Northern Palmyra Affair.")

When I met Bud Collyer I was hesitant about asking my all-inclusive question, but he saved the day by grabbing my arm and saying, "You're coming to my autograph party, of course." Sure enough, he has a new book called "Thou Shalt Not Fear" (Revell).

I went to one interesting luncheon where Edward P. Morgan of the American Broadcasting System was master of ceremonies. He found time to mention his book, "Clearing the Air" (Luce), and then introduced Rudy Vallee, who mentioned his book, "My Time Is Your Time" (Obolensky). Rudy was followed by Senator John L. McClellan, who mentioned his forthcoming book, "Crime Without Punishment" (Meredith).

IT WAS A RELIEF to attend a party given by Doubleday and to have the opportunity to meet Walter Slezak. When you meet an actor you don't talk about publishing, so I queried, "And what are you rehearsing for now, Mr. Slezak?"

"For the publication date of my new book," he responded cheerfully.

Yes, it appears that actor Slezak has written one. It is entitled "What Time Is the Next Swan? As Told to Smith-Corona Model 88-E." It will be out in a couple of months.

The reference to the typewriter is not the result of a bribe by the manufacturer, but stems from the extreme embarrassment felt by a celebrity these days when he actually does his own writing. We all remember Errol Flynn, so when a noted person claims to have done the work himself, that isn't enough. Now authenticity is gained by

casual descriptions of the typewriter itself.

Slezak admits that he tried a tape recorder, then a ghost writer, then longhand—but none of these worked. He was forced to write his own stuff on a typewriter, just like the Smith-Corona folks want people to.

The reason he was asked to do this book, his first, was that Jean Kerr reported to her friends at Doubleday that her neighbor, Slezak, was one of the funniest guys around. When pressed for a sample of his wit, she recalled that she had once complained to him that she was having twelve youngsters in for a birthday party, and was ill-prepared.

"What shall I do?" she cried in frustration.

"Buy twelve plastic bags," he replied.

The title for the book comes from a classic story that concerns Slezak's father, a famous opera singer in Europe. Once when he appeared in "Lohengrin," a scene required him to finish

"This idea that we're up against the wall, that the Communists are sweeping ahead while the West loses battle after battle, is damned nonsense."

Are We Powerless to Prevent War?

July Redbook Magazine reports the heartening advice of nine leading Americans who, like Walter Lippmann, feel that there are more realistic choices than being either "Red" or "dead."

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July

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an aria and then step onto a big, fake swan and be pulled into the wings. A mix-up caused the stagehands to remove the prop too soon.

The elder Slezak blasted out his final notes, turned and found there was no conveyance to take him offstage. With great presence of mind he cried out, "What time is the next swan?"

ONE OF THE MORE EXCITING events of the ABA convention found a member of the Kennedy clan momentarily stumped. Just before the Attorney General, Robert F. Kennedy, addressed the entire convention, he held a small press conference, the subject of which was—guess what?—his forthcoming book. Harper & Row had announced that very night that RFK has completed an account of his trip around the world. It is called "Just Friends and Brave Enemies," a title the author took from a quotation by Jefferson: "We must do our duty and convince the world that we are just friends and brave enemies."

When someone at the press conference inquired of the author where and how he had discovered this quotation, his rapid-fire delivery slowed down. The Attorney General was for a few seconds—if you'll pardon the expression—an evasive witness.

The title dropping continued on into the evening when, between RFK's speech and JFK's telegram, these books were plugged: "The Enemy Within," "Why England Slept," "Profiles in Courage," "Just Friends and Brave Enemies," and a best-selling volume put out by the Government Printing Office on the subject of growing tomatoes. It is called "Hot Beds and Cold Frames."

TWO NIGHTS LATER the convention was entertained at a banquet by the actor Jim Backus and his wife Henny. I know you won't believe this, but they have written a book. In this case, too, there is a lot of discussion about the title's origins but little to be learned of the contents.

It appears that two movie extras, along with a cast of thousands, were engaged in the production of a colossal film effort depicting Roman times. There was a break during a scene of licentious revelry. One of the extras said to his friend, "What are you doing after the orgy?"

That's the title of the Backus opus which Prentice-Hall will publish. There is no indication of what kind of typewriter the authors used.

The following day I met Alice McGrath of Thor Publishing Company of Los Angeles. She was wearing a white kimono and a black belt. "I am writing a book about karate and judo," she explained. I listened to her whole story without being tossed once.

While fleeing the convention, I bumped into an old friend, Bill Cole, who has just completed a long career as publicity director for various publishers.

"Say," he said, "do you remember how I told you last year that Tomi Ungerer and I hated cats? Well, we're doing a book. . . ."

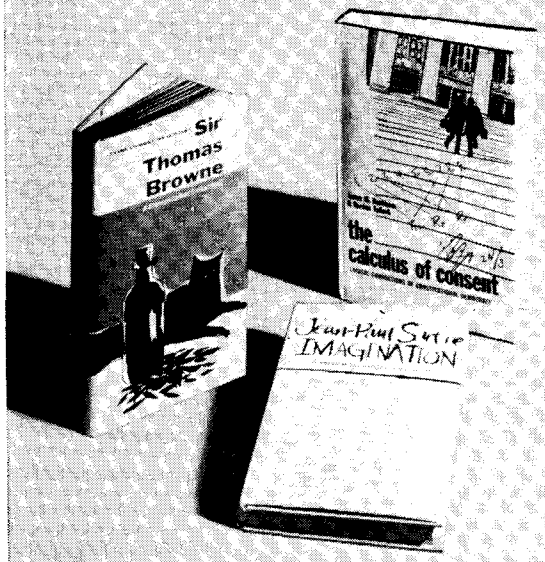
Four days and I never got a chance to mention the book *I'm* writing.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1473)

PETER SCOTT:
THE EYE OF THE WIND

A man's life is a sort of pantechnicon which he carries around with him, full of the influences of people and events which have moulded it. Many of these influences depend for their significance on detail . . . some more significant, some less; but none, I believe, insignificant.



What's New From The University of Michigan Press?

The Calculus of Consent, by James M. Buchanan and Gordon Tullock. Demonstrating how man's free actions in a democracy can be analyzed through calculus, this book may reform and reformulate political science. "A treatise as noteworthy for the originality of its results as for its penetrating approach."

Imagination, by Jean-Paul Sartre, translated into English by Forrest Williams. An excellent initiation to Sartre, *Imagination* represents a radical approach to past theories regarding perception and images. This book is particularly valuable to the reader seriously interested in philosophy and psychology.

Sir Thomas Browne: A Biographical and Critical Study, by Frank Livingstone Huntley. A significant contribution to 17th Century scholarship, this book should appeal especially to the 20th Century reader confronted by the problem of reconciling science and religion.

The Calculus of Consent, at $6.95, *Imagination,* at $3.95, *Sir Thomas Browne: A Biographical and Critical Study,* at $4.95, have just been published by The University of Michigan Press. All three books—each a perfect example of good bookmaking—are available at bookstores everywhere.

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* TENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO TOKYO**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO LONDON**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 5, 1963, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 5th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1962.

SR's 1961 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Jane Justin Impastato of Pelham Manor, N. Y., 1961 winner of the grand prize for color. Mrs. Impastato won a round-trip to Paris with her photograph of the "Kashmiri Madonna."

John Beyer of Merrick, Long Island, 1961 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Beyer's photograph of a scene on the Nile in Luxor, Egypt, won a round-trip to Tokyo.

PHOTO AWARDS

➔

Saturday Review

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Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1961, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1962, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 5, 1963. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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Saturday Review
JUNE 30, 1962

THE TASTE FOR ANARCHY

That we live in one of the great transitional periods of history is by now widely accepted. In this article, British author and teacher Malcolm Bradbury examines changes in attitudes and ideals as he sees them to be taking place in Western society, and especially as they affect twentieth-century English literature, which he feels is, with the other arts, in a state of "fundamental crisis." "Artistic objectivity," says Bradbury, "has turned to artistic alienation; and the modern spectacle is of the artist doubtful about himself, his social role, and his own ends."

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

ANYONE who examines the spirit of English thought over the last fifty years—in all fields of intellectual inquiry, from philosophy to the novel—must be struck by the degree to which it is afflicted by the suspicion that our civilization has not, after all, so much to commend it. This suspicion seems to take two different forms. There is a distrust of civilization because it has developed in the way it has; and there is a distrust because it is a civilization—because it is not anarchy.

In fact, the very word "civilized" seems to have taken on rather an unpleasant ring in England today. It offends in two ways. To some people, it is associated with dilettantism and privilege; to others, it refers simply to what is separate and remote, to the things of high culture, which as a society the English are inclined to avoid in favor of things more accessible and less demanding.

In this sense, civilization is a burdensome heritage that we are setting aside; and at the same time we are setting aside a conviction that was common enough among the English and other Western nations even a hundred years ago, but which is rapidly fading—the conviction that we belong to the richest and most developed society the world has ever known.

I describe this as particularly an English problem because more than many other Western nations the English have tended to see "civilization" as a social and institutional matter, they have tended to feel that individual freedom and individual self-expression were compatible with a high degree of social order and social consensus. They have believed, more than most, in the genteel tradition—and it is perhaps a belated challenge to the genteel tradition that the English are now experiencing.

In many ways they seem to be losing their sense of identification with the direction of their culture and with their form of government. Their demeanor in the face of administration and authority seems increasingly to be resentment; in the face of government, protest; and in the face of manners, casualness. At a more conscious level these feelings tend at times to manifest themselves as a disillusionment with liberal democracy itself.

For, in this century, we have all grown conscious of a debt we have left unpaid—the debt we owe to anarchy. Civilization is what we are hampered by; institutions are things we have invented, not to enlarge and enrich us but to tie us down; our insistence on reason and the scientific pursuit of truth has too long blinded us to the fact that life is irrational, and truth not known but felt. Behind what we are, we see a vision of ourselves as we might have been, had we not been hamstrung by the civilized, had we let our will and our violence and our passions and instincts work themselves out. As a consequence, we have developed an intellectual fascination with all that is not civilized.

Certainly one of the distinguishing features of what we like to call the modern dilemma is the degree to which we feel ourselves separated from the past, and the frenzy and energy with which we seek to annihilate the past. Even the modern literary artist—whom one would expect to feel committed to civilization—is to be seen devoutly eradicating the past from literature. Indeed it is among those whom we regard as the administrators of our cultural tradition—among intellectuals and artists—that this suspicion of civilization is often most warmly felt. There are scant signs that the creative artists of the twentieth century, at least in the West, are concerned for the cultural tradition to which they are the heirs. Indeed their sense is rather that this is a meaningless heritage.

Likewise, the conviction that the arts are agencies of cultivation, means of enlarging, enriching, and expanding the moral and emotional life of those who pursue them, seems to have left the artist; in his current phase, he is simply a professional, an expert in technique. Nor is he interested in insuring the existence of his own audience, or securing the standards by which art itself traditionally exists. The beat-generation ideal of an art that is lax and free in its form and inaccessible to judgment by existing standards is a logical development of present-day tendencies. The artist not only disbelieves in the arts as a heritage; he

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doubts their present use. He lacks a conviction of the necessity for his own existence.

This situation is an anarchic one for the artist himself; and it is not surprising that the arts in our time are, in their different ways, confrontations with anarchy, the minority statements of a marginal group. If anything marks off modern art from that which preceded it, it is surely its concern with what is not civilized—with the unsocialized, the rebellious, the alienated, the hostile, the deviant, the violent.

Of course the romantic movement was always curious about marginal experience, and the romantic revolution was, among other things, a claim that art had a broader social use than most of the artists of the previous century cared to admit. The artist was a free spirit, an instrument of human expansion, training the human mind and passions to respond in greater depth and with greater curiosity to the world about them and the standards they lived by.

Thus, in literature, the ideal of Wordsworth and Coleridge was that every man, by becoming a poet, should become responsive to the fundamental orders and rhythms. And Matthew Arnold, in calling poetry a criticism of life, felt that literary culture had superseded religious culture as a civilizing force.

This ideal of a general enlargement, an increased capacity for living, that was to come to men through literature, hardly exists today. The literary artist feels himself less at the center of his society and more at its periphery. What in fact has been disappearing from modern literature is its sense of relationship with culture and cultivation; it has lost that whole spirit of mind which one is inclined to associate with the last century—a frame of mind we call "liberal," concerned with what Arnold called "the best self," concerned with gentleness, respect for the wholeness of other people, politeness, moral rigor, and scruple, and holding a steady conviction that good will could be appealed to, and that the world was getting better and better, mankind finer and finer.

The disillusionment of this liberal view constitutes a fundamental crisis in modern literature. A feeling of despair and an apprehension of disaster are the rewards of any reading of the great figures of the twentieth century: Yeats with his vision of things falling apart; Eliot with his image of a world gone sterile, a world in ruins; Conrad with his perception of the chaos that lay behind Western moral and social order. The vision of chaos, the encounter with the absurd, has been the insistent theme of most modern literature—indeed the word "modern," when applied to literature, has come to have precisely this association.

The crisis of the optimistic liberal spirit is perhaps a disaster only for the bourgeois mind, for a mind which supposed that the world answered to reason and order. To such a mind, faced with the suspicion that the world and the civilization it lived in were in ruins, here was a challenge almost impossible to answer—a challenge that seemed to imply the end of art itself. Such a mind was driven to extremes—into the cultural conservatism of Pound and Eliot, into the extreme left-wing movements of the Thirties, into the apocalyptic vision of D. H. Lawrence.

IT HAS been the bourgeois mind in this century that has been most conscious of its failure. Yet this is a mind that has dominated our whole culture. It is a mind of a humanist stamp, traditionally devoted to seeking for man the highest possible degree of freedom compatible with the social order which institutionalizes that freedom and preserves it. To the liberal mind, literature was central to the process, since it afforded an accessible tradition of human exploration and human good will, a storehouse of wisdom which made of it not only an aesthetic tradition but a moral force.

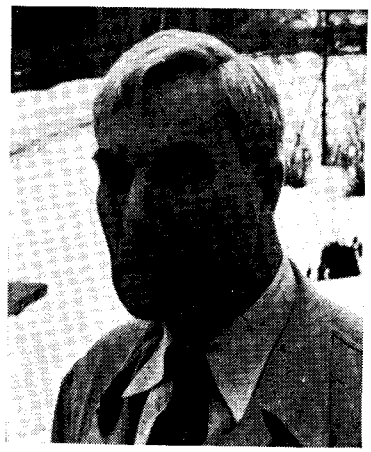
But in the rebellion of the bourgeois mind against its bourgeois values, this ideal has suffered. The bourgeois mind, though it survives in literature, has talked to us largely of its own failure. There is no deeper exploration of the dilemma than in Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," that magnificent novel in which the bourgeois sense of order which Hans Castorp takes with him to the sick society of the sanatorium and the progressive and optimistic liberalism of Settembrini are mocked by the oriental sensuality and the anarchistic spirit of Clavdia Chauchat. The nineteenth century, for Mann, ends with the slamming of a door—and a feast of misrule. Mankind is left facing nothing but the blurred disorder of a snowstorm.

In Proust's major work, "Remembrance of Things Past," the past is remembered with such anguish because it is completely different in kind from the present—the old order has been destroyed by boredom and the blind groping advance of the sexual impulse. Clearly, too, James Joyce, in "Ulysses," builds his comedy and his irony on the difference between two views of man, two epistemologies, as it were—the heroic view of the past and the realistic and therefore almost hopeless view of the present.

In this century much of our literature has in fact been written by liberal humanists, and has been a demonstration of how, in a chaotic age, and a democratic age, liberal humanism no longer works. The ending of E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" is, indeed, a recognition of the fact that the world works in essence against the connection that the author so ardently desires, and is so evidently committed to: the two riders are divided from one another by the stones in the paths of their horses—personal relations are pushed aside by the world of telegrams and anger, political interpretations conquer in the

". . . a demonstration of how . . . humanism no longer works."

E. M. Forster



Boris Pasternak

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end, and the very physical construction of the world helps reinforce the fact.

In Hemingway, in Pasternak, we learn that gentleness and caring, positive values though they are, never finally work; if they are pursued, they are pursued only for one's own sake. The dilemma of the liberal is the dilemma of "Dr. Zhivago"; and surely the remarkable thing about this book is not Pasternak's surprisingly powerful, old-fashioned sense of Yuri Zhivago's humaneness and love of mankind and of art, unexpected though this is from the context in which Pasternak wrote, but rather the deep sense of the precariousness under which such values must exist. Yuri Zhivago holds on to what he has discovered about man and humanity even when the abyss opens under his feet—the abyss being not the Russian Revolution but the decline of his own social ideal in the years which follow it. He necessarily has forebodings of disaster and a feeling "that despite his striving for the good and his capacity for happiness, he had no power over the future."

And Pasternak is tantalized, as Forster and most liberal writers are tantalized, by a certain figure—it is the figure of natural man, spontaneous man, the man we are not, the man we have forbidden ourselves to be. This figure—the figure of the working man, or the countryman in tune with natural rhythms, or the intellectual vagabond who has thrown off all responsibilities, or the beatnik, or the jazz musician—is felt to exist in a more intimate relation to "life" than we do; he is in touch with the secret springs of existence; he is extrasocial and therefore "pure."

D. H. Lawrence is a novelist who speaks with the voice of this natural man; and it is interesting to note that in many of his novels, and particularly in "Lady Chatterley's Lover," he writes in the assumption that the social system in which we live has already failed. The real concern of the book is with pure life—with the living, chirping chick, with the flowers, with the feel of life in the orgasm—and this is set against a picture of a raped and ruined England, a tragic world in a tragic age. Lawrence's vision is apocalyptic, and in this book the apocalypse has already happened; it is the World War. The novel is then about despair, about the "grey, gritty hopelessness of it all." Mankind has nothing left except man alone, and he has failed with that, too; there are only two people left upon whom any hope can be pinned—Mellors and Connie—and he is not all that sure about her!

Lawrence goes beyond liberalism, as many writers have tried to do; and, in fact, the only writers who can face the world with cheerful demeanor are the anarchists, whose utopia is around the corner! Civilization is seen as an artifice that has trapped us; man and society are seen as separate and hostile systems; and hope for the growth of mankind is found not in social effort but in those who have rejected society—these are the tenets of our present love of anarchy, and the theme of much of our art, from the beginning of the century to the present time.

—*Ed Fisher.*

"It doesn't rattle!"

HENCE it is now a commonplace intellectual assumption that the only way for modern man to find the personal freedom which he craves is to run against his society—an assumption that sees man as an existential creature only lightly formed by his immediate society. In fact, this very existentialism seems to be the product of a society in a state of profound demoralization and uncertainty. And the fact of the matter, as far as the intellectual and the artist are concerned, is that the society we live in does not embody institutions of sufficient size and influence to support art, culture, and ideas as meaningful entities in daily life.

Curiously one of the consequences in present-day English writing seems to be a drawing-in of horns, a self-inflicted provincialism which refuses to take literature to the point where it is challenged by the problem. Many of the younger novelists seems to be concerned primarily with social description, or with the definition of lower-middle-class or proletarian social attitudes. And the down-to-earth and provincial suspicion of culture that is manifested in "Lucky Jim," and the generally rebellious poses one associates with the angry young men, are instances of a broad assumption that literature is now associated with the anarchic and not the enlarging spirit. Indeed the modest uses to which most present-day writers put the media they use suggest that they are not concerned with seeking a new literary epistemology.

Although it is not hard to see why this motion into anarchy has had endless fascination for modern literature and the other arts—one cannot but be conscious that this movement tends more and more to involve the rejection of an essential part of the liberal notion of art. For it is the liberal, with his belief in culture and the necessity for the secular human inquiry, who has been responsible for

(*Continued on page* 49)

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Manner of Speaking

TROPIC OF CANCER: The American publication last year of Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," long the under-the-counter and smuggler's classic of our times, has touched off another series of court cases, all following what has become a standard pattern.

As I pointed out in my last column, "The Book Banners" (*SR*, June 16), books singled out by the local censors have to be defended in a seemingly endless number of jurisdictions. The publisher must take on the burden of fighting the same case over and over, with the likelihood that he will lose by exhaustion despite the merit of his legal position. I do not have all the details of the series of legal battles in which Grove Press has found itself since publication day, but I have seen it reported in the New York *Times* that Grove has been involved in over sixty cases (more than one a week) at an estimated cost of over $100,000. The multiplication of cases has become one part of the standard pattern.

As the standard pattern of the defense, Grove Press has called upon critics and other expert witnesses to testify in court or to submit sworn affidavits in support of the book. All such depositions begin with the expert identifying himself under oath and declaring that he is thoroughly familiar with the book. He then states his position in the case, lists his qualifications (degrees, publications, honors, and positions held), and proceeds to a defense of the book, beginning usually with some generalizations on the nature of artistic merit.

The standard pattern of the prosecutor is to do his best to assemble a plain-as-mud jury and to dismiss all such learned experts as strange egg-heads who in no sense understand the "average man" whose sensibilities are supposed to have been assaulted by the book.

In countering this anti-intellectual pattern of the prosecution, the experts have developed a more or less firm pattern of defending "Tropic of Cancer" on the grounds that it is "a great work of art." It is the wisdom of such a defense that I must question.

To describe a contemporary book as "a great work of art" is a temptation to which all enthusiasm is liable. It is a temptation to which I have myself succumbed at times. But it is finally to attribute to that book qualities that only time and the judgment of succeeding periods of varying literary taste can certify. One may safely say that "The Divine Comedy" is a great work of art; one can only assert as much about "Tropic of Cancer," or about any other contemporary book. I do not mean to deny that "Tropic of Cancer" will survive the test by time. I believe it will. But I must also doubt that it will emerge as the central monument of twentieth-century writing.

Right or wrong, what service do critics perform for literature in rushing the verdict because a book is under local attack? Or in making the central defense of a book nothing less than its "greatness"? Shall there be no mercy for the less-than-great? Are serious writers to have no legal protection from the book banners simply because they happen to be minor writers?

The one defense of freedom must defend all. "Tropic of Cancer" must be defended, but not as "a great book." It must be defended as the work of a serious artist enlarged by talent and passionately engaged in giving form (and thereby meaning) to his view of life.

A prurient person could, of course, single out passages describing specific sex acts and feast his immature eroticism (whether or not disguised as puritanical repugnance) on those. A sick-minded person could as readily go through a book of art reproductions and cut out every female breast, foot, or thigh, perhaps finding some sort of queer thrill in such fetishism. But the paintings in the book he so mutilates were never intended for such abuse. Neither was "Tropic of Cancer" intended for the sick snatcher of erotic details. Read from the beginning, as published and offered for reading, the book is, if anything, boring in its detailing of filth, of ugliness, and of the various acts of generally unattractive sex. It is only as one understands and responds to the author's full intent that such itemizations of unattractive matter become charged with meaning and, therefore, interesting.

There can be no question of that intent. The book sets out to portray the rescue of the individual life-impulse of the artist (and, therefore, of any man) in his necessary revolt against a society he takes to be shabby, grasping, hypocritical, and sterile. "Tropic of Cancer" is a novel of protest. Its protest is against all that stifles the essential life-impulse. It is also a novel of praise. What it praises is the dignity of the individual who will plunge into any experience, and welcome poverty, hunger, and ostracism, so long as he may escape hypocrisy.

Miller's protest includes mockery, a great roaring laughter, and a certain violent joy in flouting all the values socially accepted as sacred. He flatly refuses to do society the honor of taking it seriously.

BUT the violence of that mockery is inseparable from the moral stature of the book. Only as the author scorns what he feels to be false can he praise what he feels to be true. Were he to draw back from his assault on the social sickness he sees, were he to pass himself off, even for an instant, as a man of probity and respectability, he would have offered himself to the sickness he combats. The aesthetic integrity of his affirmation would be lost at once.

The point of all his mockery, of his posturing, and even of his animal hijinks, is always in praise of the free soul. His cry of anguish at what society does to the individual is inseparable from the yell of animal joy with which he celebrates his escape from stultification.

"Tropic of Cancer" must be defended not as an ultimate peak of greatness, but because, whether it succeeds or fails, it is written with power and compassion, and because it is charged in every passage with the author's aesthetic devotion to his form and with his humane devotion to the joy of life. To remove such a book from the experience of mature readers on the grounds that the prurient may use it abusively is an assault upon the aesthetic experience. It is a denial of freedom on the queasy grounds that men are not fit for freedom. It is to say that the least of men shall dictate the diet of the rest.

To base a defense on the claim of greatness is to abuse good cause. What must be defended is the right of the serious artist not to succeed, but to try.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Security and Sophistication

IF THE delegates to the United Nations were asked to name the most stirring and important talk ever made before the General Assembly, it is possible that President John F. Kennedy's address of last September 25 would head the list. Certainly no talk produced a more sustained ovation. The reason is clear. The President spoke to the human condition. There was a genuine moral thrust to his message. He called for a "peace race" to end the arms race—"before the arms race ends the human race."

One aspect of that race to which the President called particular attention concerned outer space. The President declared—and in later speeches emphasized this point—that the United States was opposed to the extension of the deadly competition of weaponry into outer space. Underlying the importance of the President's declarations on this subject were three stark facts. The first fact was that outer space represented the last and only major place to take hold if the nations were serious about stopping the spread of the arms race. The second fact was that once nuclear-cocked satellites got into outer space, the human species would be living precariously under a Damoclean atomic sword. The third fact was that accidental crashes or explosions might touch off the chain reaction of nuclear war.

The President's commitment to the peaceful uses of outer space was all the more important and reassuring in view of the high-altitude "Argus" shot by the United States in its 1958 test series. That shot raised some serious questions about the threat of a new and infinitely perilous stage for the arms race.

Premier Khrushchev said he agreed with the President's desire to make outer space a peaceful arena. But the Soviet Union, in unilaterally and recklessly resuming nuclear testing last fall, detonated several high-altitude shots. And now the United States has gone zooming far beyond its own 1958 experiment and the 1961 experiments of the Russians with a nuclear blast in the Van Allen radiation belt, hundreds of miles into outer space.

Equally serious, perhaps, is the lengthy first-page story in the New York *Times* on Monday, June 11, detailing the plans of the Pentagon for asserting "command-control" of outer space.

In short, a flat contradiction would appear to exist between what was said and what is being done. If there is no such contradiction, then the reasons have not yet been made clear. It may be said that the President's general statement of March 2, announcing the resumption of our nuclear tests, plus the official news releases of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, represent all that is needed by way of clarification and explanation. But a review of these particular documents reveals no crisp, direct, or explicit statement that shows why American policy is not inconsistent on this major issue. Nor do the documents meet the many serious questions that have been raised about the Van Allen radiation belt shot or the literal ascendancy of the military, making all the more significant President Eisenhower's warning, in his farewell address, about the increasing prominence of the "military-industrial" complex in national affairs.

At his press conference on June 14, the President said there was no change in the policy of the government with respect to the role of the military in outer space. But he did not address himself to the specific acts and facts that gave rise to the question. Informally, administration spokesmen said there was no inconsistency between policy and performance. Actually, they added, the President had called for the "peaceful uses" of outer space, but did not mean by this that "military uses" were to be excluded. A proper formulation of the President's proposals, they suggested, would be the "peaceful-military" approach to outer space. They indicated that there was ample precedent for it and that, despite the apparent paradox, it was a sophisticated and viable formulation.

We have pondered the formulation at great length from every vantage point, but still can make no sense of it. Indeed, the formulation seems to us to be even more disturbing than the apparent inconsistency in national policy that gave rise to it. It is made to appear that the fault lies with those who assumed that peaceful purposes meant peaceful purposes. If the generous acclaim that met the President's statements on outer space was based on a misunderstanding of the President's true position, then the White House should have refused to take the credit heaped upon it at the time. And the White House should have stated publicly that by "peaceful purposes" the President actually meant "peaceful-military" purposes, and that he did not really intend to create the impression he wanted to keep the arms race from escalating into outer space.

ONE OF the grave maladies of our time is the way sophistication seems to be valued above common sense. Words cease to have the plain meaning assigned to them and become wildly elastic. The manipulation of an idea seems to be more important than the integrity of an idea.

One fact above all other facts needs to be repeated until we recognize it as directly as the face in the mirror. This is the fact that our security depends not on our military position alone, but on our position of leadership in the world. And this is where the fundamentals come into play. The ability to define a noble purpose, the ability to speak to people's hopes, the ability to inspire commitment—all these are part of vital leadership. It is impossible to conceive of national safety without such leadership. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CONFUSED OR UNCONFUSED?

JOHN CIARDI is always a stimulating writer, but in "The Courage of His Confusions" [*SR*, June 2], he goes a bit off the deep end. I would just love to be as confused, say, as Albert Einstein. I have before me his book "Out of My Later Years" in which his so-called "confusions" amount to a magnificent creed.

Of course he is addressing (Mr. Ciardi, that is) mainly "our cubs," and I heartily agree that any young person who accepts the fast and easy answers is not going to be much of a thinker. But won't Mr. Ciardi permit all of us, even the young, just one tiny little conviction at the center of our souls? May not the smallest raft steer by the North Star—however faint at times and fleeting? Of course the North Star may not even be there: we may be seeing light which left a source now long dead. But for all practical purposes, it has served many a mariner until he had a better compass.

Certainly at the circumference of life is slow death—but without some certainty at the center, we haven't even begun to be alive! We do not hesitate to teach our cubs the multiplication table as long as it is the truest mathematics we know. Somebody may explain it away any day now, but until that day. . . . And why not a few, a very few, convictions about life—the best we know so far?

MARG-RIETTE M. HAMLETT.

San Antonio, Tex.

SPEAKING as one of the "sad young of this mealy generation," I thank John Ciardi for his article "The Courage of His Confusions."

As a questioning college student, I frequently feel that the only product of my pursuit of knowledge is a frustrating confusion about what I thought I knew and a greater confusion about what I am attempting to learn.

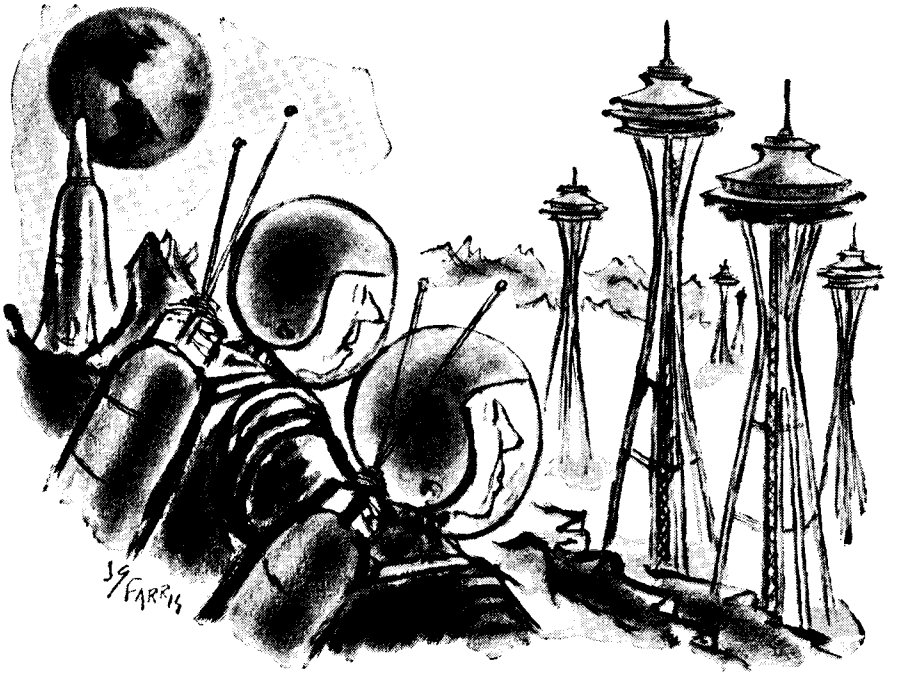
BETTY SARVIS.

Detroit, Mich.

AN UNSETTLED CLIMATE

I WAS DELIGHTED to see Mr. Cowley, in his article "The Unsettled Literary Future of the U.S." [*SR*, June 9], questioning whether adjustment to schoolmates was desirable for young writers, and, we might broaden it, for young intellectuals in general. Perhaps it is time for the group to do some adjusting to the individual. Speaking as a seventeen-year-old, I can augment Mr. Cowley's comments in relation to high schools.

It is long overdue that someone pointed out the sink-or-swim inhumanity with which Americans thrust their teen-age intellectuals into the stifling atmosphere of most of our high school systems. The desire for finding acceptance is the spur to development for anyone. The intellectual is merely taking a roundabout process. Yet



the high schools in general provide no real outlets for this attempt to find a "climate" in which to develop. Discussion groups are nonexistent. Debating is relatively rare. Psychology and philosophy are never considered as possible courses. In all humanity, we cannot continue to neglect the state of young intellectuals' existence as human beings.

MAYO SPEAR.

Kilgore, Tex.

AS AN HISTORIAN, I was interested in Malcolm Cowley's attempt to prophesy the future of literature in the United States. I think he fell into one error that threw his whole discussion out of gear. I refer to his statement that in the future the group, because of urbanization, etc., would be more important than the individual. What I believe is that Mr. Cowley overlooks two significant ground swells that are changing the landscape all around us. The first is the recent extraordinary emphasis upon individual rights, as is evident, to give one of many examples that come to mind, in the Supreme Court's reversal of itself in abolishing segregation in public schools. The second is greater leisure (to be more and more a product of automation) fortified by an assured basic income.

With leisure, individuals will have, for the first time on a mass scale, more time to think about themselves. Inevitably they will think about their rights as individuals. Is it too far-fetched to view suburbanization as the flight of the individual from the crowd? Is it too extreme to interpret the astonishing sale of paperbacks as evidence of individuals on a search for understanding of themselves and the world? With the massive tradition we have of freedom, I believe that the coming leisure for the masses will create problems for all individuals that will make them more than ever sensitive to the importance of personal freedom.

ALFRED B. THOMAS,
University of Alabama.

University, Ala.

CLOSING THE QUOTE

I SHOULD like to "finish" the quotation of mine Mr. Ciardi reprinted from the Albany *Times-Union* [*SR*, May 19], in his MANNER OF SPEAKING column "More Deans, More Deaneries." I do not remember my exact words, but the idea was the following:

The faculty, because it is unencumbered by the real and pressing problem of keeping the school running, is not tempted to fall into expediency and opportunism. Thus faculty participation in decision making is vital if the usually stated goals of educational institutions are to be achieved.

EDWARD A. FOX.

Troy, N.Y.

QUESTIONABLE SENSITIVITY

I ADMIRE your magazine. However, where William Harrison wrote [*SR*, Apr. 14] of a "wide-eyed Filipino yokel with the island lava still between his ties," I feel that he was taking journalistic liberties.

To me, this seemed a writer's hotfoot. Powdery volcanic dust might be squeezed or poured between his toes, but the lava under normal geologic circumstances would have needed to flow or ooze there while still very hot. In truth, this Filipino had to have "somewhat questionable sensitivity," as Mr. Harrison stated.

ALLEN F. AGNEW,
State Geologist,
South Dakota.

Vermillion, S.D.

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Complexities of a Free Woman

By GRANVILLE HICKS

IN HIS recent speculations on the future of American literature (*SR*, June 9) Malcolm Cowley wrote: "For some years now, most of our serious novels have dealt with lonely and maladjusted individuals, usually adolescents, or else they have dealt with such very small groups as the restricted family composed of husband, wife, and mistress. I anticipate that novels of the future will have broader themes; they better have them, if the novel is to retain its central position."

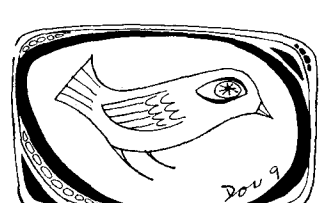
It is true that most of our gifted young writers show a preference for what may be called manageable subjects; they do not want to risk losing themselves and wasting their talents in trying to record the complexities of contemporary life. I do not blame them. When I see what a talented young writer such as Reynolds Price has been able to make of a simple theme in "A Long and Happy Life" (*SR*, March 10), I cannot urge him to compete with Allen Drury and the other journalists.

On the other hand, there are serious novelists who do try to come to terms with complexity, and I read them with admiration for their courage and an acute interest in how they attack their problems. A bold foray into complexity is Doris Lessing's **"The Golden Notebook"** (Simon & Schuster, $5.95)—an attempt to show in as many dimensions as possible the life of a young woman of our times. This young woman, Anna Wulf, thirty-five in 1957, has spent some years in Africa, has been a member of the Communist Party, has been married, is bringing up a daughter, has written a successful novel, has been through psychoanalysis, and has had a series of lovers. Mrs. Lessing sees her as a representative free woman of the present day, equally concerned with the problems of the world and the problems of her own nature. She is as far removed as a human being can be from the lovely and loving little girl in the Reynolds Price novel.

To tell the story of a complicated person Mrs. Lessing has devised a complicated method. Scattered through the book are relatively short passages in the third person, called "Free Women," which deal with the experiences in 1957 of Anna and her closest friend, Molly. Most of the novel, however—and it is a long one—is made up of extracts from Anna's four notebooks. "I keep four notebooks," she explains, "a black notebook, which is to do with Anna Wulf the writer, a red notebook, concerned with politics; a yellow notebook, in which I make stories out of my experience; and a blue notebook which tries to be a diary." "I didn't ever say to myself: I'm going to keep four notebooks," she tells a friend, "it just happened." "Why not one notebook?" he asks. She replies, "Perhaps because it would be such a—scramble. Such a mess." The four notebooks—and eventually there is a fifth—are an attempt to impose some sort of order on the chaotic variety of one woman's experience.

Whatever the disadvantages of the method, it has enabled Mrs. Lessing to present certain episodes of Anna's life with great vividness. In the black notebook, for example, Anna sets down her recollections, perhaps a dozen years later, of the experiences out of which her novel grew. In her early twenties she was associated with a group of young Englishmen, all of them Leftists, in Africa. In this group a great variety of relationships developed, and these Anna records with remarkable penetration, so that we feel strongly the mood of the time and the place.

The political theme runs through the book. Both in the African episode and in later episodes in London Mrs. Lessing shows, as few writers have been able to do, the appeal of Communism to certain temperaments. In 1954 Anna is working, as a volunteer, for a Communist publishing house, while trying to make up her mind about the Party. "When I leave the Party," she writes, "this is what I am going to miss—the company of people who have spent their lives in a certain kind of atmosphere, where it is taken for granted that their lives must be related to a central philosophy. That is why so many people who would like to leave, or think they should leave, the Party, do not." And though she does leave the Party, we see that the years she has spent in or near it have left an ineradicable mark on her mind.



Through all this, although she has published only one book, Anna remains a writer, and she fills one of her notebooks with ideas for stories and with a draft of part of a novel. This literary material illuminates Anna's character and experiences, throws light on the creative process in general, and gives us an idea of some of the problems Mrs. Lessing had to cope with in writing this novel.

Above all else, Anna is a woman who is seeking love. We are not told much about her marriage, which was not based on love and did not last long, but we are told a good deal about several affairs, all of them ending unhappily. Mrs. Lessing has explored seriously and candidly the difficulties of a free woman, an intelligent woman, in her relations with men. Only a woman could have written these passages —and only a very extraordinary woman.

Always we have a sense not merely of the complexity of Anna but also of the complexity of life. At one point she covers her walls with newspaper clippings, so as to try to force herself to be aware of what is going on in the world. She seeks to make a detailed record of what happened in just one day of her life, so that all the diversity of her experiences will be apparent to her. She is more aware than most people of what goes on in the depths of her psyche, and she sets down her dreams and speculates on their meanings. Like so many of her contemporaries, she is by no means sure of the nature of reality, and a sense of unreality often permeates the book.

One can say that Mrs. Lessing is extending the boundaries of the novel or one can say that she is really giving us the raw materials for a novel rather than the novel itself. Both statements are true. That is, she is trying to make the novel do more than it has ever done before, and in the process she does away with even the most rudimentary conceptions of form and structure. The book is chaotic, difficult to read, sometimes puzzling. (For instance, we seem to be given a choice of two endings.)

If she has not wholly succeeded in doing what she wanted to do, she has made an impressive try. The smaller, more perfect novels give greater pleasure, but this is the kind of thing that somebody has to attempt. And few persons could bring to the job greater resources than Mrs. Lessing: a really imposing intelligence, a fine sensibility, and literary skill of a high order.

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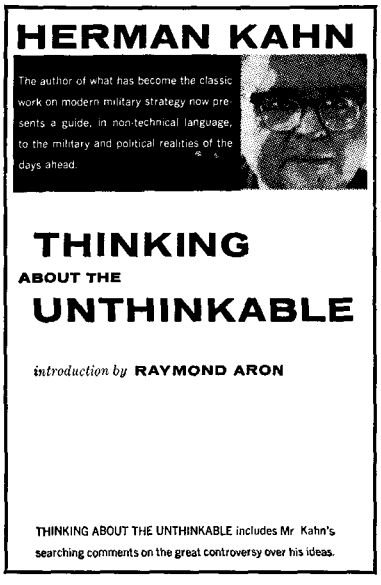
Book in the News


HERMAN KAHN
The author of what has become the classic work on modern military strategy now presents a guide, in non-technical language, to the military and political realities of the days ahead.
THINKING
ABOUT THE
UNTHINKABLE
introduction by RAYMOND ARON
THINKING ABOUT THE UNTHINKABLE includes Mr Kahn's searching comments on the great controversy over his ideas.

By STUART CHASE, *author of "Live and Let Live."*

I HAD been informed that Dr. Herman Kahn had revised his views about the United States surviving a thermonuclear attack. He had come to believe, the rumor ran, that sixty million dead is not so "acceptable" a handicap as he had assured us it was in his earlier book, "On Thermonuclear War." After reading **"Thinking About the Unthinkable"** (Horizon, $4.50), I regret to report that I cannot find much change in his point of view. He may feel that he is venturing into new and forbidden fields; but the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* has been telling us, month after month for seventeen years, that there is "no place to hide" in a nuclear war.

Kahn allows for some happier eventualities, like a world rule of law, but he does not appear to believe in them. He still seems to think that we can survive a nuclear holocaust if we spend enough billions for underground shelters, strengthen Civil Defense, build up our offensive "posture," and face with stiff upper lip what must be faced to save our sovereignty.

It is going to be tough, Dr. Kahn. On my desk lies a summary from the New York *Herald Tribune* for May 31, 1962, of four articles by a group of Boston physicians that appeared in the New England *Journal of Medicine*. These doctors examine the probable effects of a twenty-eight-megaton attack on the Boston area and estimate that there would be 2,250,000 deaths from heat and blast alone. Of the 6,560 physicians in metropolitan Boston, perhaps 900 would survive, leaving an injured-to-physician ratio of 1,700 to one. Of 65,000 hospital beds in Massachusetts, 10,000 might remain, to serve present invalids plus up to 2,000,000 wounded by the attack. The surviving physicians would face daily demands from patients for euthanasia on a scale and intensity hitherto unparalleled.

The doctors conclude that attempts to deal with the medical consequences of this rather moderate attack—as thermonuclear attacks go—are hopeless. They "call attention to a conclusion familiar to physicians in other contexts: that there are some situations in which prevention is the only effective therapy."

These doctors, too, have been thinking about the unthinkable. Dr. Kahn has, of course, seen data of this kind; but it seems to wash over him leaving almost no trace.

Early in the book, Dr. Kahn takes C. P. Snow to task. He quotes the latter's well-known statement that if the present arms race continues, with China and other nations joining the nuclear club, within ten years at the most some of the bombs will go off, on the mathematics of probability. "I am saying this as responsibly as I can," Snow continued. "*That* is a certainty . . . Between a risk [*i.e.*, negotiating disarmament] and a certainty, a sane man does not hesitate."

Dr. Kahn, however, is a model of hesitation. Snow, he says, is "neither accurate nor responsible." The bombs may not go off; and if they do, there is no certainty of disaster.

How is one to deal with such a thinker? Snow probably knows as much nuclear physics as Kahn, and through his novels, especially "The New Men," he shows his familiarity with the world of civilization, of the humanities, and of social psychology—a world that seems to be inaccessible to the game theorists at the Rand Corporation. Thermonuclear war, on whose caving brink we now stand, is not a game where one can set the pieces back up and play again. It is for keeps. It presents us with the impossible task of putting 2,065,000 sick and wounded human beings into 10,000 beds in hospitals without water, electricity, sewage disposal, refrigeration, transportation, or communication.

Some pages after he calls Snow a liar, our author presents impressive support for Snow's thesis. He gives a list of possible events that might trigger off nuclear war, *viz.*: (1) accident-say, a mixup in electronic signals; (2) miscalculation in playing "chicken" (a favorite phrase of Kahn's) with the enemy; (3) escalation—brushfire war into nuclear; (4) war by calculation, including a "preclusive strike"; (5) catalytic war, where a small power explodes a nuclear weapon secretly in the USA or in the USSR, thereby eliminating both Great Powers.

This is not, I admit, an impartial book review. I have stared into the darkness on too many nights, worrying about what Robert Oppenheimer once told me, about predictions by Hans Bethe, Harrison Brown, P. M. S. Blackett, Eugene Rabinowitch, H. J. Muller, Harold Urey, Leo Szilard, Charles E. Osgood, and Gerard Piel, among others, to accept calmly the callous statements that inform this book. Says Piel, for instance, "It takes fewer megatons to kill the corporate body of the state than to destroy the forces that are supposed to defend it." The corporate body is the civilian population and its artifacts.

It must be admitted that Kahn explores a number of military alternatives, and some of this analysis is undoubtedly useful. He ends with fourteen variations of strategy, from meek submission to all-out preventive war. Though the publishers assure the reader that the book is written in nontechnical language, Kahn produces some awesome terms: "countervalue" attack, "counterforce," "counterforce with bonus"—the "bonus" being a rewarding incineration of civilians along with military personnel. All this semantic innovation builds into a "firm balance of terror," which, I take it, should be our realistic goal.

THE central problem of our age, that nuclear weapons have made war obsolete, he never admits. Kahn, Teller, and their school pride themselves on hard-boiled realism. It seems to me that they are, on the contrary, the wildest romantics, the modern Don Quixotes, armed with digital computers in place of rusty lances. They cannot abandon the game of war so long as a civilian remains alive to represent the state.

They remind me of a game I played long ago. Another boy and I would stand our lead soldiers facing one another in battle formation. Then, sighting elastic bands along a ruler, with strict regulations about position and alternate shots, we attempted to annihilate the opposing army. As long as one soldier remained upright, we were technically unbeaten; our side still "survived."

Dr. Kahn and his co-workers expand this exercise for ten-year-olds. They make it more comprehensive by including all civilians as well as all soldiers in the game. Who, they ask, as they tape their computers, will be the last man down?

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Portrait Gallery and Pet Gripes

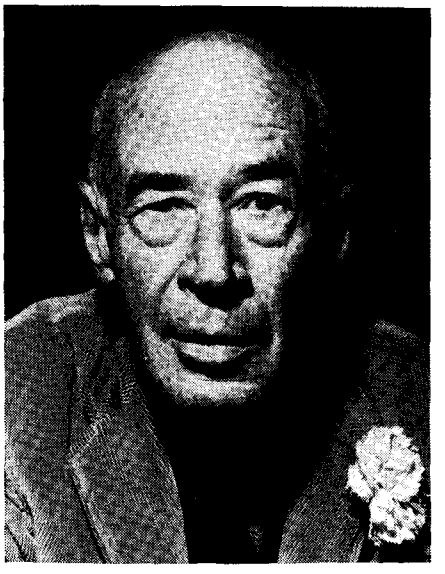
"Stand Still Like the Hummingbird," by Henry Miller *(New Directions. 194 pp. $4), offers provocative essays on various subjects by the controversial ex-expatriate who wrote "Tropic of Cancer." Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, edited "The World of Lawrence Durrell."*

By HARRY T. MOORE

HENRY MILLER is something of an ancient mariner, staging his public confessionals so enticingly that he often turns the hurrying wedding guest from reluctant lingerer into compulsive listener. Miller's *diablerie,* his insight, his banality, his originality, his wit, his rambling, and his cunning, as well as what can perhaps best be called his colloquial eloquence, combine to project a magnetism that many of us find hard to resist. The present book picks up two dozen of Miller's essays which over the last quarter-century have appeared in magazines or pamphlets. For admirers of this author it is a welcome collection, including various examples of his general comments and favorite gripes, a gallery of his literary portraits, and his inevitable quota of personal revelations.

How different these last are from those of Rousseau, who designated his autobiography as "Confessions"—the Rousseau of paranoid snufflings, who was guilt-haunted all his life because in early youth he had let a servant girl take the blame for a ribbon he had stolen. This is not meant to detract from Rousseau's greatness as a writer, but merely to point out that Miller's joyful self-exposure is of quite another kind, unhampered by guilt. This may seem unusual in an American or a Calvinist (often the same); but Miller derives from those free spirits Thoreau, Whitman, and Emerson, as he notes in the preface to this new book. In this volume, as elsewhere, Miller cites Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Lautréamont—there is an essay on the last of these—from all of whom he has also learned much, though, unlike his American predecessors, they are not in his bones.

Some other possible affiliations, more recent, might also be mentioned, for example the just-published or forthcoming books by Harvey Swados ("A Radical's America"), Herbert Gold ("The Age of Happy Problems"), and Gore Vidal ("Rocking the Boat"). These three sets of essays by American novelists just a generation this side of Henry Miller are often Millerish in what they say, though not in their manner of saying it. The attitudes of these writers toward American society resemble in many ways those Miller expressed more than twenty-five years ago and still holds. Like him, these younger authors observe that most Americans don't realize their potential, that they usually settle for the second best—points that Miller dwelt upon in his Left Bank period and, after his return home at the time of the last big war, in such books as "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare."



Henry Miller—"joyful self-exposure."

These three newer writers, always stimulating but sometimes slick in a way that Miller never is, wrote the majority of their essays in the 1950s. Those are years that most of our younger authors think of as having been intellectually dark: it was the time when the Newer Puritanism of being-good-on-the-surface originated, when beatniks inhaled "tea" and lack of sympathy in their pads, when golf-playing patricians became culture heroes, when no poets of any kind were invited to White House parties. But Miller's values, which, as we have seen, were nurtured long before, embody a salient difference between him and the three younger writers: Miller is religious, at least more discernibly if not embarrassingly.

The present book begins with what in substance is a religious essay, "The Hour of Man." It has some hard sense in it, and develops out of the idea of a friend of Miller's that for an hour a day we should get away from our fussy involvements and just meditate—which brings to mind Pascal's aphorism that man's miseries stem from his inability to sit in a room calmly. Henry Miller, however, goes outward as well as inward, for his title essay describes a highly externalizing experience, a jet flight across this continent, which sets Miller thinking about one of our century's preoccupations, time. Similarly, the longest piece in the book deals with another of the concerns of our age: "Money and How It Gets That Way," an elongated joke, inspired by Ezra Pound, on economic theorists. Miller's persistent urge toward concreteness keeps piercing through the jest, for he decides that money is, after all, money.

"First Love," an evocation of an earnestly romantic Miller in high school, and several reflections on postwar visits to Europe provide the finest autobiographical sections, compelling and vivid, though containing the occasional dry patches inevitably found amid all the greenery of prolific writers.

In the literary pieces Miller sometimes lapses into doubtful allegiances, as when he suggests that Claude Houghton is an important novelist; but he also presents valuable *causeries* on Thoreau, Whitman, Ionesco, and others. He fiercely speaks up for the neglected Kenneth Patchen, whom he strikingly pictures as writing through his pain "in a room just big enough to hold his carcass, a rented coffin you might call it, and a most insecure one at that."

THE best, the juiciest of all the literary portraits is the one of Sherwood Anderson as an oral teller of tales—the finest kind, Miller thinks, for "a story, to achieve its full effect, must be told; there must be gestures, pauses, false starts, confusion, raveling and unraveling, entanglement and disentanglement. There ought to be a certain amount of self-consciousness and embarrassment, followed by a complete forgetfulness of self, followed by ecstasy and abandonment and delirium." Miller's writing has that living power of the impromptu, with its drawbacks and its virtues; its personal quality often becomes impersonal, and the wedding guest finds himself detained. The suggestion of the vocal in Miller's prose gives it vigor. Once it gets your ear and the shrewdly amusing confessional begins, you stay to listen.

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Secret of Seymour and Esmé

"Salinger," edited by Henry Anatole Grunwald *(Harper. 276 pp. $4.95), assembling twenty-four critiques, diagnoses the literary significance of the Glass family and their creator. David Dempsey frequently evaluates fiction for Saturday Review.*

By DAVID DEMPSEY

MORE than most authors, J. D. Salinger has learned to address himself to an increasingly large and admiring public as well as to an unprecedented number of serious critics. The present volume is a testament to this ambidextrous achievement. Seemingly inspired by a *Time* cover story, and ably edited by *Time* editor Henry Grunwald, the assembling of these twenty-four essays suggests that Salinger is undergoing a literary beatification comparable to the sainthood that is gradually overtaking Seymour Glass.

Just as Seymour is striving to reconcile the purity of his vision with the world's contamination, so has Salinger's later work become a kind of Christian reliquary for those who want salvation with their art. No longer is it necessary to make the pilgrimage to Lourdes; one can simply read "Franny and Zooey." Salinger, indeed, has made a strenuous attempt to establish his fiction on a higher and more vital plane than the American public has been used to—at the mystical center, or "soul," of his characters, rather than in the familiar groin and gut. In this, he is fighting a brave, lonely, and surprisingly successful battle.

To read these pieces straight through (which, of course, is not the way to read them) reminds one of a medical symposium called to consider a baffling familial affliction. We have heard a great deal about the Glass family. The siblings speak mostly in italics, are prone to nervous breakdowns, and suffer the adult disability of having once been child prodigies. One of them is already a suicide, and the remainder are pathologically family-centered. Overtly successful in life, beneath their bright and talky exteriors there lurks a morbid self-awareness, a sense of alienation from the universe. They long to help make this world go 'round, but recoil from the sordid and practical compromises that such a decision imposes on them. They are, indeed, paralyzed – spiritually paralyzed – by their own sensitivity.

This is the problem that the specialists have been called upon to diagnose; and a good part of the Glass family's appeal to the critical profession, if not always to the reader, is that there is no simple cure for their illness, nor any common agreement as to what the ailment is. To this extent, the Glasses enjoy a two-dimensional plausibility that the well-adjusted often lack. Moreover, Salinger's stories are just opaque enough to set up alternative theories of interpretation; hence the elaborate exegesis that critics have been able to construct on so small and limited a body of work.

Salinger is one of those writers who appear to gain more from criticism than from praise. His stories easily survive the worst that is said about them (see Geismar) without quite living up to the best (Mizener). When Seymour Krim, in a dissenting opinion, describes the author as an "artificer embroidering his own fantasies" and adds that "ultimately, we may get only a breath-taking performance, ten thousand feet higher than it need be," one suddenly realizes that it is just this "embroidering," this "breath-taking performance" that forms the basis of Salinger's popular appeal. It does not, however, destroy the vision that makes the performance possible. Likewise, Leslie Fiedler's strictures against the author's "sentimental" treatment of children seem less relevant than his point that Salinger's originality lies in his "presentation of madness as the chief temptation of modern life, especially for the intelligent young; and his conviction that, consequently, the chief heroism to us now is the rejection of madness, the decision to be sane."

Salinger's friendliest critics tend to burden his stories with an explicitness of meaning which it is part of their charm to avoid—I am thinking particularly of William Weigand's intriguing "banana fever" theory whereby Seymour Glass, the suicide, is in reality the victim not of despair but of too much happiness. All the Glasses, in fact, are glutted with sensation, but rather than diet they go right on eating in the belief that the cure for their condition is a larger dose of the disease. John Updike and Alfred Kazin take a more skeptical view of these matters, and thereby add to Salinger's stature when they buy the artist that is so obviously present in his work without taking over the symbolic paraphernalia, the conjectural myth-making so dear to the heart of the academic critic. "Art is not for diagnosis," Donald Barr comments, "—not until we are through with it as art."

Yet most of these essays run to diagnosis, and perhaps the real danger facing Salinger, as he moves away from the simple, early stories to the longer, introspective "prose home movies" is that he will acquire too many "students of Salinger." The present volume foreshadows something of this.

—*Museum of Modern Art*

"The Madhouse," by Pavel Tchelitchew—". . . the chief heroism is . . . to be sane."

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Muse for an Impersonal Something

"The Estate of Poetry," by Edwin Muir *(Harvard University Press. 118 pp. $3), examines the position of the contemporary artist, who, instead of a true audience, has only a public. Daniel G. Hoffman, associate professor of English at Swarthmore College, is author of "A Little Geste and Other Poems" and "American Poetry and Poetics."*

By DANIEL G. HOFFMAN

IT IS our good luck that one of Britain's most gifted poets was invited, shortly before his death, to set forth his views of poetry's present estate. Edwin Muir was a man of letters in a great tradition, and one whose own life was affected by many of the stresses of our time. What he has to say about the place of his art in society is especially cogent and free from cant.

His strategy in handling this intricate problem is both bold and economical. He shows us two opposite conditions of poetry. One is its natural estate, which he finds in the ballad community that extends unchanged back to the heroic age. The other is our present-day situation, where poetry no longer treats great themes in a great manner. Now we no longer have, or are, a true community, an audience. Instead, we have to deal with a new thing: a public, which "seems to be an impersonal something, a collectivity which, if you break it up, does not reduce itself to a single human being, but at best into chunks of itself, sections, percentages." It speaks in clichés, slogans, "the language of the third party and the onlooker." But poetry is the instrument of the imagination, "that power by which we apprehend living beings in their individuality, as they live and move, not as ideas or categories. . . . The public seems designed for one purpose and the poet for another."

This was not always so; and Muir, by virtue of the isolation and atypicality of his own early life in the Orkney Islands, is able to give us what few other poets could offer—a firsthand account of the imaginative life in an age-old agrarian community as remote from the rest of us as Eden is. Here is an audience that participates in the dramatic action, an art that is not "popular" or condescending, but that presents a tragic acceptance of reality and its surrounding mysteries, great themes handled at their best with brevity, strength, and passion. Here poetry is "a natural thing, an exercise of the heart and the imagination." Muir quotes Wordsworth on the destruction—already apparent in 1798—of the world that made possible such a relationship between poet and public, poetry and life.

Muir makes wise discriminations, too, in his chapters on Wordsworth, the first Romantic, and Yeats, who considered himself the last. From the example of Yeats we learn the only solution available to the poet today: if he cannot find a genuine audience, he must boldly imagine one. "The poet need not think of the public. . . . He has to see past it, or through it, to the men and women, with their individual lives, who in some strange way and without their choice are part of it, and yet are hidden by it." And our time offers opportunities as well as obstacles to the poet: "Anthropology and archaeology have extended the possible world of the imagination in time . . . the dream life of the unconscious [may] enter into and deepen the archetypal images of the imagination."

Muir's own poetry validates this hopefulness. He, too, had to imagine his audience, and thus created it. Having no place in the modernist movement, his poems seemed anachronistic until readers discovered that his haunting images compelled their acceptance and rewarded their assent. His view of the poet's vocation is a heroic one, but it is the only one possible if the imagination is to discover for our community the forms of our deepest feelings. Such poetry will give us more than we deserve, but genius is often profligate of its gifts as well as heroic in their service.

Muir's greatest gift was his ability to refashion from the fragmented modern world a sense of the unity and continuity of life. He distrusts those critics who present literature as a set of problems to be solved before it has been apprehended as an experience. The critical virtue he most admires is a "capacity for admiration," which he finds in Lamb, Hazlitt, Ruskin, and those university critics of his own youth —Saintsbury, Raleigh, Grierson—who intelligently mediated between poetry and the public. Edwin Muir himself surely belongs in their company. Perhaps his three books of criticism and his "Autobiography" will now be reissued; they too are among the writings that can enlarge the estate of poetry.

Shelter

By Walker Gibson

SO here we sit among our cans of peaches,
Two weeks of drinking water on the shelves,
Batteries, blankets, mattresses and matches—
Nothing to worry about except ourselves.

It must be what we've always really wanted,
This cosy little basement rumpus room,
Cement and cinder blocks so gaily painted,
A comfortable kind of furnished womb.

I've stored the tranquillizers over there,
And bandages in case there should be bleeding,
Deodorants supposed to clear the air—
It's hard to think what else we might be needing.

The children's comic books are on that shelf,
And back of the family bible, where I've hid it,
I've got a mystery to read myself
And ask myself, Who did it? Oh who did it?

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Legacy of the Conquistadores

—*Kolb, Pix.*

Peruvian Indians—"an understanding of the Spanishness of Latin America [is] not enough."

"Latin America Between the Eagle and the Bear," by Salvador de Madariaga *(Praeger. 187 pp. $4.50), emphasizes the significance of the Spanish culture inherited by the nations south of us. Harold Lavine is senior editor and chief Latin American correspondent of Newsweek.*

By HAROLD LAVINE

A SPECTER is haunting the United States, the specter of Communism in Latin America. It wears an olive-green uniform instead of a shroud, sports an unruly black beard, and chomps on a long, black cigar; and, whenever a *gringo* comes into sight, it makes rude noises. The United States sought to exorcise it a year ago last April by dumping 1,400 Cuban refugees into the Zapata, a swamp on the south coast of Cuba as dismal as the Florida Everglades or the Louisiana bayou country; and when this weird exercise in military voodoo failed, the U.S. decided to quarantine it. Characteristically, the U.S. is relying on money to produce the miracle: By spending $20 billion a year in the next decade under the Alliance for Progress we hope to make Latin America unsafe for Communism.

The specter haunts Salvador de Madariaga, too; but, although Spain's great historian didn't complete his book, "Latin America Between the Eagle and the Bear," until long after John F. Kennedy had started beating the drums for the Alliance, he mentions it only in passing. As a man of ideals, with the passion of his idealism, Madariaga simply doesn't share the American faith in the magic of money. "Something more profound if less spectacular is required" to rid Latin America of the specter of Communism, he insists. That something is a "primordial change of heart."

Unlike the vast majority of Americans, Madariaga recognizes a simple fact: What makes Communism so attractive to many Latin Americans, and particularly to Latin American intellectuals, is that, by and large, they find the United States so unattractive. The United States they know is a United States that looks down on them because they are backward economically and unstable politically, because they are dark-skinned, because they are Catholics, because they can't speak English. The United States they know is a predatory Protestant, who exploits them while mouthing pious phrases about brotherhood, who hangs decorations on dictators while singing the glories of democracy.

> What is wanted [says Madariaga] is a radical alteration of the way in which the United States, government, public opinion, and business community, have stood for generations toward the Latin American world. . . . First and foremost, the all too frequent attitude of *all-around* superiority toward Latin America should give way to a better realization of the relativity of such relationships, based on a more lively appreciation of the value of human culture. . . . What is wanted is a sincere appreciation of the value of Latin American culture. . . .
>
> From this primordial change of heart, one might hope that other developments would flow. For instance, the almost universal idea prevailing in business—and, what is worse, often also in diplomatic circles—that Latin America is a fair field for all kinds of financial and economic hunting might be given a well-deserved rest. . . . One may remain faithful to the principal of the market economy without admitting as a fair application of that theory the unequal struggle between a David nation and a Goliath industry. . . .

Most of "Latin America Between the Eagle and the Bear" is devoted to attempting to explain the Latins to Americans; and much of what Madariaga has to say is both perceptive and valuable. His discussion of the place of the military in Latin American life, for example, may startle most of his American readers, who automatically equate the military with military dictatorship. Madariaga considers this "far too rash an assumption." In much of Latin America, he says, the military is "a watchdog of democracy." He's right. When the Brazilian military prevented "Jango" Goulart from assuming the full powers of the presidency after the resignation of Janio Quadros, it was only to keep the country from sliding into Communism; similarly, the Argentine military recently took over the government only to prevent the return of Juan Perón. The Salvadorean military has made El Salvador a shining example of progress under the Alliance for Progress.

On the other hand, this reviewer believes that Madariaga overemphasizes the Spanishness of Latin America, and, in doing so, makes the same mistake the United States so often does: He treats Latin America as though it were a political, economic, and cultural entity, instead of twenty distinct na-

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tions. Although Mexico and Argentina speak the same language, they are no more alike than Italy and Sweden; Costa Rica is just as different from Guatemala as Switzerland is from Czechoslovakia. Madariaga unquestionably is justified in declaring that an understanding of the Spanishness of Latin America is essential to understanding Latin America—but it's not enough. Mexico, for example, is just as much an Indian nation as a Spanish one.

This reviewer has another, more fundamental reservation about "Latin America Between the Eagle and the Bear." And that is whether the change of heart that Madariaga demands from the United States really can halt the march of Communism in Latin America. The United States may have contributed to Latin America's problems—but the problems are of Latin America's own making. U.S. Presidents may have embraced dictators, but it was the inability of the Latins to establish stable democratic governments that created the dictators in the first place. It was the Latins themselves, not the U.S. corporations, who invented the *ambiente* that made it possible to exploit Latin America. The U.S. isn't responsible for Latin America's land problem or its inequitable tax system.

Actually, this reviewer has grave doubts about whether there is very much the United States can do toward preventing Communism in Latin America unless the Latins also have a change of heart. Even God can help only those who first help themselves.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 987

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 987 will be found in the next issue.

HYBQRJ LE XUJP OYMB

UQPTE QPT ZJJG VJJA YP

XYBVLPS XUJP OYMB UJQT

EQOE LG KQP'G CJ TYPJ.

QTHLBQR HYBJJR.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 986

What is money anyway? It is something that merely passes through our hands on its way to Washington.
—MRS. A. MORGAN.

Dizzied by 26th of July Movement

"The Cuban Invasion: The Chronicle of a Disaster," by Karl E. Meyer and Tad Szulc *(Praeger-Ballantine. 156 pp. Hardbound, $3.95; paperback, 50¢), and* ***"Cuba: The First Soviet Satellite in the Americas," by Daniel James*** *(Avon. 319 pp. Paperback. 75¢), consider the complex elements that resulted in the abortive attempt to overthrow Castro. John J. Johnson wrote "Political Change in Latin America."*

By JOHN J. JOHNSON

FIVE years ago Cuba was considered a graveyard for journalists and scholars. The "Pearl of the Antilles" was left to vacationers, gamblers, investors and, too often, less than competent agents of the United States Government. The little island republic was "in our hip pocket." By-passed by the march of world events, it was a place to play, make money, and pay off political debts. Flamboyant, "Yankee-baiting" Fidel Castro changed all that. Today the tourists, gamblers, investors, and U.S. agents, except those on the CIA payroll, are gone; and journalists, scholars, and pseudo-scholars rush to establish their expertise on today's Cuba.

These two books—the first by Tad Szulc (New York *Times*) and Karl Meyer (Washington *Post*), the second by reporter Daniel James—bring to a dozen or more the studies on Cuba that have appeared since January 1, 1959. The Szulc-Meyer volume is perceptive and interesting; moderates will be able to live with it comfortably until new light is shed upon what is one of the most frustrating experiences ever to confront the United States. However, James's book, essentially a cold war tract, tends to drag; moreover, it lacks the evident attempt at objectivity and the close-to-the-scene touch that the Szulc-Meyer product possesses.

Szulc and Meyer call the Cuban invasion of 1961 "one of the great fiascos in military leadership, intelligence gathering, and psychological preparation and execution." From that point they could have proceeded to a devastating attack upon an inept and bewildered U.S. Instead they analyze with restraint the gross blunders, fix the responsibility, and then draw the lessons to be learned from an incident that could hardly have been condoned had it succeeded.

If I read correctly, the authors argue that the three most grievous mistakes were our failure to appreciate, until it was too late, the social-economic portent of the Castro revolution; that once we comprehended what was happening we thought only in terms of destroying the movement by force; and that when we settled on the use of force we refused to place the necessary trust in the Cuban people, particularly the Cuban underground. In fixing responsibility for the invasion, the authors correctly point the finger of guilt at a sluggish bureaucracy and more specifically at the CIA. Beyond that they correctly maintain that a passive Eisenhower and an uncertain Kennedy surrendered control of our Cuban policy to cloak and dagger operatives of myopic vision. They conclude that limits must be put on the CIA and that we must work within the swift ideological currents that are sweeping the world.

IT IS difficult to quarrel with such reasonable individuals as Szulc and Meyer, but quarrel I must on one point. They write that "a . . . myth, propounded by Castro's well-wishers in Latin America and the United States, is that drastic social changes in Cuba were impossible without . . . provoking the implacable hostility of the United States." This is no myth. The authors would be hard put to indicate where in Latin America the U.S., as late as 1959, had *not* opposed rapid, thoroughgoing revolutions of the type that Cuba needed to rid itself of its corrupt, irresponsible, unimaginative leadership.

Furthermore, the Alliance for Progress, a by-product of the Castro revolution, very probably cannot in its present form provide the results that restless peoples all over Latin America are demanding. The Alliance assumes that the current middle sector leaders are willing and, with our help, able to revolutionize their countries. The fact is that they have in recent years shown repeatedly that they prefer to drag their heels. Given their reluctance to perform and our willingness, revealed in the Cuban case, to pull chestnuts out of the fires they have fed, it is questionable that the middle sector leadership will heed our admonitions. Nor is there sig-

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nificant evidence suggesting that Washington has elaborated alternative plans that call for our joining forces with the emergent working groups of Latin America on those occasions when our Latin American allies falter.

Mr. James, an experienced hand at reporting on Communism in Latin America for the *New Leader,* here sets himself the single task of "laying bare" the strategy and techniques by which the Communists captured Cuba. Weaving his case primarily from the threads of evidence drawn from interviews with approximately fifty former members of the dictator's 26th of July Movement, James concludes that Castro was committed to Communism as early as 1953.

But in establishing his point he draws some debatable conclusions. James would appear to credit Castro with a military victory over Batista when a more plausible explanation would be that Castro's harassing tactics forced Batista into a brutal tyranny supported by his loyal armed forces. This was so repugnant to sensible elements of the Cuban community that they went into the militant opposition.

Accounting for Castro's rise to power and success in converting his movement into a Communist "sellout," James asserts that "the key to the situation is that peculiarly Latin American institution called *caudillismo. . . .*" *Caudillismo* is the devotion of the population to a leader or *caudillo,* who may be "a combination of feudal lord, patriarch, machine boss, tribal chieftain and local god!" It may in part explain Fidel's rise; but a far more important reason for his success in reorienting the revolution was the fact that between the fall in 1954 of Arbenz in Guatemala and Castro's victory the USSR had demonstrated its economic and scientific capabilities, and its prestige was at an all-time high. These developments made it easier for those disenchanted with the Western system to accept the Communists' claims that they had found the way to modernize and grow strong rapidly. Additionally, the USSR early indicated its willingness to aid Cuba in achieving a "national liberation movement" capable of surviving in the face of U.S. opposition.

There is a possible explanation for Castro's attitude toward Communism that James has overlooked. The dictator may have felt, and may still feel, that he can "dump" the Communists whenever he chooses. If Castro believes this then it follows that he also may believe that by joining the Communists he eventually can take over their movements in all of Latin America and give to them the "proper" ideological orientation. Fantastic? Castro is a fantastically complex individual.

New Branch of the Marxist Family

"Castro's Revolution: Myths and Realities," by Theodore Draper *(Praeger. 172 pp. Hardbound, $4.50; paperback, $1.75), considers three main issues: Was the Cuban dictator always a Communist? What kind of Communism does the island have today? What next? Jaime Fonseca is Latin American news editor for the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service.*

By JAIME FONSECA

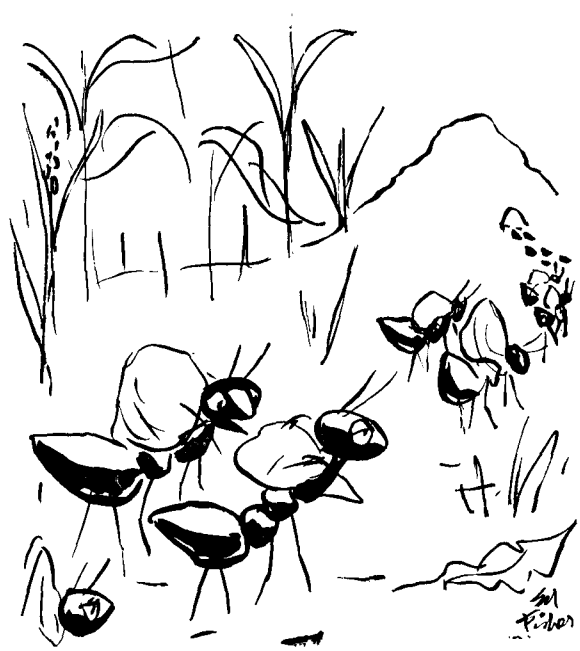
THEODORE DRAPER'S "tentative theory to account for Castro's peculiar development," as he puts it, might well prove to be the closest true approach to this crucial question. For he knocks down not a few myths and underlines some significant realities about Cuba and its sweeping revolution in the course of the articles, letters, and commentaries collected in this book.

"To some extent," he writes, "these articles represent a continuing struggle on my part to understand the Cuban reality"—a struggle, it seems to me, that derives mainly from the inability of American sociology to understand the dynamics of such complex societies as the Latin American. For instance, Mr. Draper deals little with the *caudillo* concept, or the real nature of the "middle class," and, along with some European writers, fails to see many of the implications of "paternalism," ever present in the social structure of most so-called "underdeveloped" countries. However, the main service to American readers lies in Professor Draper's well-documented and perceptive discussion of Castro's revolution.

Was Castro always a Communist? Draper sums up:

1. Practical and political differences held him apart from the official Communists at least through part of 1959.
2. He went over to them bag and baggage as a result not only of concrete pressures after the taking of power but of latent tendencies within him that go back to his university days.
3. He was able to win a broad base in the struggle for power precisely because he had not been a conscious Communist.
4. He had deliberately concealed his true tendencies, deceived those who believed in him, and betrayed what he had claimed to stand for in order to obtain a broader mass base than the Communists could obtain.

What kind of Communism grips Cuba now? After Russian, Titoist, and Chinese Communism, "a new branch of the family has begun to emerge . . . related to the national-revolutionary movements"; that is, Communists bide their time until they can steal a national revolution. With many national revolutions coming up (or already under way) in the poorly developed countries of Africa, Asia, and Latin America, does Mr. Draper imply that they are prone to the Marxist-Leninist infection that has overtaken Cuba? He



—*From "Ed Fisher's Domesday Book."*

"It's always the same old line they hand us: 'Fulfill this current five-year plan and then, maybe, we can ease the rigidities of communal living . . .'"

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does not discuss this point sufficiently. He does, however, talk at length about the "fusion" of revolutionary groups and the Communist Party in Cuba.

"Since Castro took power without a real ideology, a real army, or a real party," Draper writes, "he could conceivably have survived without them only by making his power consistent with his promises, and thus holding his original backing together. But this is precisely what he chose not to do." The author offers what is perhaps a stronger reason: "Fidel Castro must certainly be ranked with the greatest mass intoxicators of the century, but no one is likely to mistake him for a creative political thinker."

So he went to the cadres and ideology of the Communist group, which needed him for two reasons: the Cuban Reds had a black past of collaboration with Fulgencio Batista and opposition to revolutionary action, and they lacked the *mystique* Castro seemed to communicate to the masses.

It took a year, Draper points out, to manage the "troublesome and ticklish transfiguration" of Castro into a professed Communist, but today the result is a United Party of the Revolution "built on Marxist-Leninist principles" and run by what these leaders call "democratic centralism."

Before going into the third issue—what next?—it is worth while to scan other pages for indications of Draper's estimate of Castro's strength. The picture is adverse to Castro, and it could be worse were it not for the blunders of the Western democracies. The signs:

"Removal of Cuba from the American economic sphere of influence did not mean economic liberation of Cuba. It merely exchanged dependence on the United States for more dependence on the Soviet Bloc," a dependence that, because of distance and other factors, is "an economic monstrosity."

SINCE then, Draper says, Cuba has suffered a decline from the previous standard of living, serious shortages for the past year of basic goods and services, long queues of disappointed housewives, and worker absenteeism that is openly described by Che Guevara, one of Castro's advisers, as of alarming proportions. Even the basic sugar industry has gone from bad to worse, indicating how deep is the failure of Castro's land program. After fully entering the "forced industrialization" phase characteristic of Communist-dominated countries, the Cuban people are told to make sacrifices for the future, work harder for less pay, and speed up the State plan.

What future, then? Draper writes:

> As long as there are men in Cuba who believe in civil liberties, representative government, land reform instead of Soviet-style state farms, freedom of expression, association with the democratic West and free trade unions, there will be an underground, and despite the present setback [he was writing shortly after the April invasion in 1961], it will revive and grow. If no one else will provide the necessary conditions for its growth, Castro and the Communists will do so.
>
> But no anti-Castro movement can resist Russian tanks and Czechoslovak machine guns with sympathy alone. It would be more humane and more honest to advise any movement not to resist than to resist with bare hands. Castro's democratic opponents have the right and the duty to obtain arms where they can.

If the Castro-Communism alliance was mobilized by mutual need, to what extent is such need going to help Cuba survive present tribulations? Draper is cautious on this: "As long as the Communists need him at least as much as he needs them, further surprises cannot be ruled out; Fidel's ego may give the Communists as much trouble as it has given many others." But "he has gone so far [in turning over all levers of power to the Communists] that, if he should break with them, he would invite civil war in his own ranks, bring on [further] economic disaster by forfeiting Soviet support, and totally denude himself politically and morally."

ALTHOUGH "it does not seem more far-fetched that Cuba should set off a Latin American revolution than that the tiny group in the Sierra Maestra should have set off a Cuban revolution," Draper notes that "to this must be added the conviction that the Cuban revolution cannot be finally victorious without a Latin American revolution, and that a Latin-American revolution cannot be finally victorious without a revolution in the United States."

Save for some minor areas of disagreement, the majority of experienced observers of the Cuban situation can easily concur with Mr. Draper's evaluation of the basic issues in Castro's revolution. The rest can also profit much from his book, for he seems to grasp most of the Cuban realities. This is why it is so regrettable that he fails to appreciate the role of spiritual values in the whole process, not only those within the framework of Western Christian civilization, in which Castro's revolution is taking place, but also José Martí's ideology, which has had such an impact on the entire movement. Draper comes to the edge of the question when dealing with the problem of "conscience" facing those *Fidelistas* torn between the original aims and the first discovery of "betrayal," but he should have given it more attention.

Another aspect slighted by the author is the ghost of what once was a living system of corruption, wickedness, cruelty, and exploitation, which still hangs over Cuba. Fear of returning to the "old past" is holding back those men and women in whom Mr. Draper places the hope of a successful beginning to the end of Castro's revolution.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BE A WISE OLD BIRD

Louise Darcy of Biddeford, Maine, offers a group of words each of which contains the letters O. W. and L in that order but with varying intervals between. She asks you to fill in the blank spaces on the basis of the appended definitions. Completions on page 49.

1. __ O W __ __ __ __ L	ruin
2. __ O W __ L	end of spur
3. __ O W __ __ L __	American novelist
4. __ __ O W L __ __	furtive quester
5. __ __ O W __ __ __ L __	on purpose
6. __ O W __ L __ __	wild flower
7. __ __ O __ W __ __ L	Seventeenth century VIP
8. __ __ O W __ __ L __	every whale has one
9. __ O W __ L __	Kipling character
10. __ __ __ O W __ __ L __	not forbidden
11. __ __ O W __ L	garden tool
12. __ O W __ L	wooden pin
13. __ __ O W __ L __ __	device used in winter
14. __ O W __ __ L	American poet

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The Travail of an Indigent Shepherd

"Revolt in Aspromonte," by Corrado Alvaro, *translated by Frances Frenaye (New Directions. 120 pp. Hardbound, $3; paperback, $1.35), tells of Italian peasants whose livelihood is choked off by the cruel caprice of feudal landowners. Alice Ellen Mayhew devotes much of her critical attention to foreign literature.*

By ALICE ELLEN MAYHEW

—*Brain, Magnum.*

". . . one could love this country only if one was born into it."

THIS short book is a minor classic, written with great economy and understated ferocity. It is a product of the Italian South, which, like our own, has an extraordinarily rich literary heritage. An unusual number of talented writers (three of the four Italian Nobel Literature Prize-winners) have dramatized its social and economic predicament and have vividly portrayed the barren terrain with its decaying manor, ragged children, and docile peasants at the mercy of the landowners, the moneylenders, the elements, and every piece of bad luck. Alvaro has remarked that one could love this country only if one was born into it.

"Revolt in Aspromonte" describes a village in this poor and rocky land, and an indigent shepherd's struggle to free himself from the system that is throttling him. It was written in 1930, when the southern province of Calabria was literally still a feudal society, because the liberation of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies with its supposed redistribution of the land had done nothing for the peasants and had simply increased the fortunes of the aristocracy. The village of Aspromonte was what it had always been, a cluster of tiny rustic houses built around the palace of the Mezzatesta family, who owned all the fields, farms, and animals by which the peasants eked out their living.

The struggle that takes place in this setting is between the shepherd Argiro, who has just lost his oxen, and the decadent members of that family, to whom he appeals for help. Alvaro masterfully pictures the plight of the shepherd as he stands before the fat, scornful *patrone*, head bowed, twisting his hat, answering the mocking questions respectfully. At last he stalks out, determined to fight back. This incident, which changes Argiro's life, makes an indelible impression on his young son, who has stood wondering by as his father is degraded and dismissed.

They visit the village moneylender, a crass and shrewd man who takes advantage of the uncomplaining peasants after the cruelty of the landowners has reduced them to desperation. With borrowed funds Argiro manages to get on his feet again, but he is still smarting under the blows of his oppressors, and his children's lives begin more and more to be shaped by their father's wish for revenge.

Argiro's eldest son, the gentle Antonello, goes away to work so that he can help to send the talented youngest son, Benedetto, to the seminary. The novel achieves its greatest poignance in the scene where Antonello, treated by his family with the kindness shown one about to start on a long, sad journey, realizes that he is a man.

We watch the family grow stronger in their hopes for Benedetto: Antonello, sweetly proud of him; the father, a trifle foolishly boastful; the mother, both afraid and trusting; the two deaf-mute little brothers, awed and respectful; and Benedetto himself, sure, ascetic, talking quietly, with his lids fluttering. For Argiro, Benedetto is to be the answer to centuries of oppression. The poor peasant is to have a spokesman. Then disaster strikes again. In a frivolous act of cruelty, three sons of Camillo Mezzatesta set fire to Argiro's barn; the mule is destroyed, and the entire support of Benedetto falls on Antonello, who collapses under the strain.

When Antonello finds out who has caused his family this final misery, he returns to Aspromonte as a kind of avenging god. At this point the tale becomes a parable, and Antonello is no longer the gentle son of a poor shepherd, but the spirit of the oppressed everywhere who sacrifices himself by a terrible vengeance to redeem his brothers. The last two chapters are saved from abstractness only by the author's passion, which raises his story to tragedy.

What Alvaro is stating is that there can be no dignity for man without justice. At the end, when Antonello goes down to meet the police, he says, "At last I have met Justice face to face. It has taken me long enough to catch up with Her and say what I have to say."

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He Founded the Barefooted Friars

"Saint Francis," by Nikos Kazantzakis, *translated by P. A. Bien (Simon & Schuster. 379 pp. $5.95), replaces the image of a meek holy man with that of a dynamic, God-possessed mystic. Riley Hughes is associate professor of English at Georgetown University.*

By RILEY HUGHES

IT WILL come as no surprise to readers of the narratives of Nikos Kazantzakis—a final posthumous novel is scheduled for this autumn—to be told that his fictional portrait of the Little Poor Man of Assisi bears scant resemblance to "everybody's" St. Francis. In place of the popular image, simple and bland as a Hummel figurine, Kazantzakis offers a private reading as intense and individual as El Greco's. His Francis, far from being an idealized lay-figure, remote and impalpable in a thirteenth-century setting, fills the landscape. The Francis of Assisi in these pages is a man of struggle and suffering, a man God-possessed. "Brother Leo," Francis says to the companion of his wanderings, "man's body is the ark of the Old Testament, and God travels inside it." This book, written from "a need to match the Saint's life with his myth," captures the high drama of God's journey in Francis. Told in the form of a memoir by Brother Leo, (historically one of the early Franciscan chroniclers), it abandons the static Francis of the "*Fioretti*" for a dynamic protagonist, who is never formed but is always becoming. Leo, an aged friar looking back as friend and father on the years of sacrifice with Francis, knows now "in what manner, and by what kind of struggle the flesh becomes spirit."

Our first glimpse is of a foppish troubador, playing his lute before the barred window of Clara, daughter of Count Scifi. "I pity you, sir," the wandering beggar Leo tells Francis when they meet. Brother Leo's reminiscences recapture his wonder and growing commitment through the stages of Francis's early disquiet, that phase of the saint's becoming that ends in a dramatic sloughing-off of the plumage and vanities that had clothed Sior Bernardone's son. Leo helps in the first task Francis undertakes—upholding the church physically with cement and

Saint Francis from detail of tresco at Church of Saint Francis at Assisi.

stones; he undergoes as willingly the harsher journey that comes when Francis exchanges the repairing of abandoned church buildings for the superb metaphor of his mission.

Once Francis has "booted the earth good-bye," he practices total submission to poverty and to God's will. He preaches in rags on street corners where once he had loitered in fine clothes—but only after he has fought down his natural inclination to avoid humiliating himself. He fears the touch of lepers above all else; thus, in the logic of his new vision, he must salute lepers with a kiss. With the grim humor of the saintly he mocks his hunger and weariness (and poor Leo's). Nobleman and peasant, pope and sultan alike are treated to the terrible simplicity and directness of his fervor. Other men see the activist Francis; but for Brother Leo it is the experience of knowing the mystic who on a desolate mountain undergoes the crucifixion of the spirit, the contemplative who is drained of himself to permit God's indwelling, that crowns memory with meaning.

FRESH AIR AND HEIRS: Measures taken by the French government to combat a declining birth rate have been, since World War II, gratifyingly successful. Statistics bear out what any tourist can observe: Frenchmen now marry young and have lots of fat babies. Happy and proud that France, the oldest nation in Europe, may today be considered also the youngest, the state continues to shower young families with allotments and priorities and settle them in vast new housing developments out where there is plenty of fresh air. But human nature is perverse and ungrateful; a denouncer was bound to arise from among the pampered masses to shatter any illusion of general felicity. Christiane Rochefort, already known for a sensational best-seller ("Warrior's Rest"), was the one to decry. In her new novel, **"Children of Heaven,"** translated by Linda Asher (McKay, $3.50), she directs towards the welfare Utopia a loud and obscenely sonorous raspberry.

These garden cities are nothing but stock farms what with all the women trying to outdo one another in infant production, their husbands urging them on. For each new arrival they can lay claim to more of the good things they crave—washing machines, television sets, and refrigerators. They breed like brutes, but towards their young develop a callousness that would put dumb animals to shame. Out from underfoot is all they ask. Or grow up fast so you can give me a hand. So brats run wild while parents watch TV in dining-sitting rooms that are identical in row after row of these great barracks of the *banlieue*. The girls grow up to get into trouble and the boys end in jail or the army. Come to think of it, why should the state not claim them? It paid for them. Such are the jaundiced views of Josyane, Mme. Rochefort's heroine, as foul-mouthed as Zazie and more free-and-easy morally than Lolita.

Sure, we understand her gripe: she is the family work horse, fed up with dishes, diapers, and darning. But does her view of matters constitute a serious indictment against housing developments or welfare services? Were the slums less uniform or impersonal, the people who lived in them above dreaming of household appliances? I do not believe the author is really trying to prove so. She is merely telling the old story of the girl of the tenements, and the originality or power of her novel is not owing to its contemporary setting. Much is due to a real talent for blending the tragedy and comedy of vulgar, insensitive existences.

But still more of this book's originality or power is due to its blunt presentation of a woman's pleasure in sex. Today in France eroticism seems to be the particular province of woman writers—Dominique Rolin, Françoise Sagan, Françoise Mallet-Joris, Marguerite Duras, to mention a few besides Christiane Rochefort. All cultivate with candor a subject long tabu: the concupiscent woman, from her own point of view. —LAURENT LESAGE.

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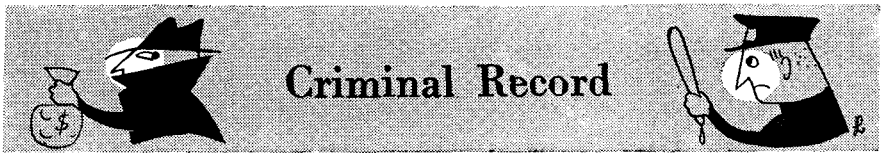

ANOTHER THREE-ACT SPECIAL. *By Ngaio Marsh. Little, Brown.* $4.95. Second omnibus by this top-flight artist of the detective story includes "Scales of Justice" (1955), "Singing in the Shrouds" (1958), and "False Scent" (1959), all reciting the exploits of Superintendent Roderick Alleyn of Scotland Yard.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF QUEEN. *Edited by Anthony Boucher. Random House.* $4.95. Thirty stories by British and American authors from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* (1946-1957) are here assembled to provide fine fare for devotees. Editor (who is our opposite number on the New York *Times*) contributes excellent introduction.

THE TURNS OF TIME. *By Pierre Audemars. Harper.* $3.50. M. Pinaud, *Sûreté* stand-in, doubles as Paris jewelry salesman when Russian diamonds are imperiled; two die. Largely straight Q&A, with good pace.

WITCHES' SABBATH. *By Paula Allardyce. Macmillan,* $2.95. Burning of "sorceress" in English village in 1640 rings strident echoes when London author (f.) seeks to reconstruct grisly event; death ensues; love finds a way. Rather heavy on atmosphere.

THE STUART CASE. *By K. S. Inglis. Cambridge University Press.* $6.50. South Australian child murder of 1958 and subsequent court proceedings are here examined in absorbing detail by Down Under specialist now lecturing in history at Brown University; politics, religion, racism, libel, trial-by-newspaper are all involved in this fine panoramic coverage.

STRANGE RELATIONS. *By Jerome Barry. Crime Club.* $3.50. New York ad man, threatened with loss of big account and also of his wife, plays detective to good purpose on swank Long Island estate when larceny, kidnapping, and murder blossom. Has nice motion.

THE NICE YOUNG MAN. *By Walter L. Harter. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Professional photographer, new to Pennsylvania town, has frantic time when local high-school football hero and girl friend put blackmail bite on him. Good action all the way.

DEATH IS SO FINAL. *By Alex Fraser. Roy.* $2.95. Isle of Wight reporter and lady friend are in grave jeopardy when odd character tries to take over; murder trial follows. Conversation piece with sound substructure.

TRAITOR'S WIFE. *By David Montross. Crime Club.* $3.50. San Francisco consort of American defector travels beyond curtain to find him; has herself quite a time. Fine ground-gainer (New York, London, Amsterdam, Cologne, Munich, Nuremberg, Prague, Vienna, Moscow, shores of Black Sea).

DEATH IN THE QUADRANGLE. *By Eilis Dillon. British Book Centre.* $2.95. When anonymous murder threats jolt president of Dublin university, he calls in retired Professor Daly, amateur peeper; Inspector Kenny also helpful. Pleasant academic razzle-dazzle.

DEATH ON THE AGENDA. *By Patricia Moyes. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. International narcotics confab at Geneva sprouts murder, but Inspector Henry Tibbett of Scotland Yard is on hand to test alibis and all that. Populous, with fine scenic backdrop.

SATURDAY OUT. *By Laurence Meynell. Walker.* $2.95. Radio team working up Cotswold village documentary runs into snags and worse; one member tries spot of detection and unearths plenty. Spooky, with lively terminal action.

THE BORROWED ALIBI. *By Lesley Egan. Harper.* $3.50. Vic Varallo, excellent upstate California cop who switches to L.A. force, tangles with murder case that has striking similarities to a classic British crime (author acknowledges these). Fully as effective as her "A Case for Appeal."

—SERGEANT CUFF.

THE WAY WE WERE by Mary Polk

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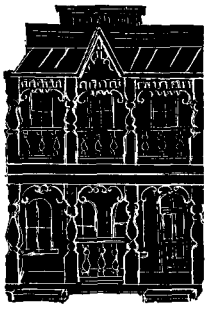

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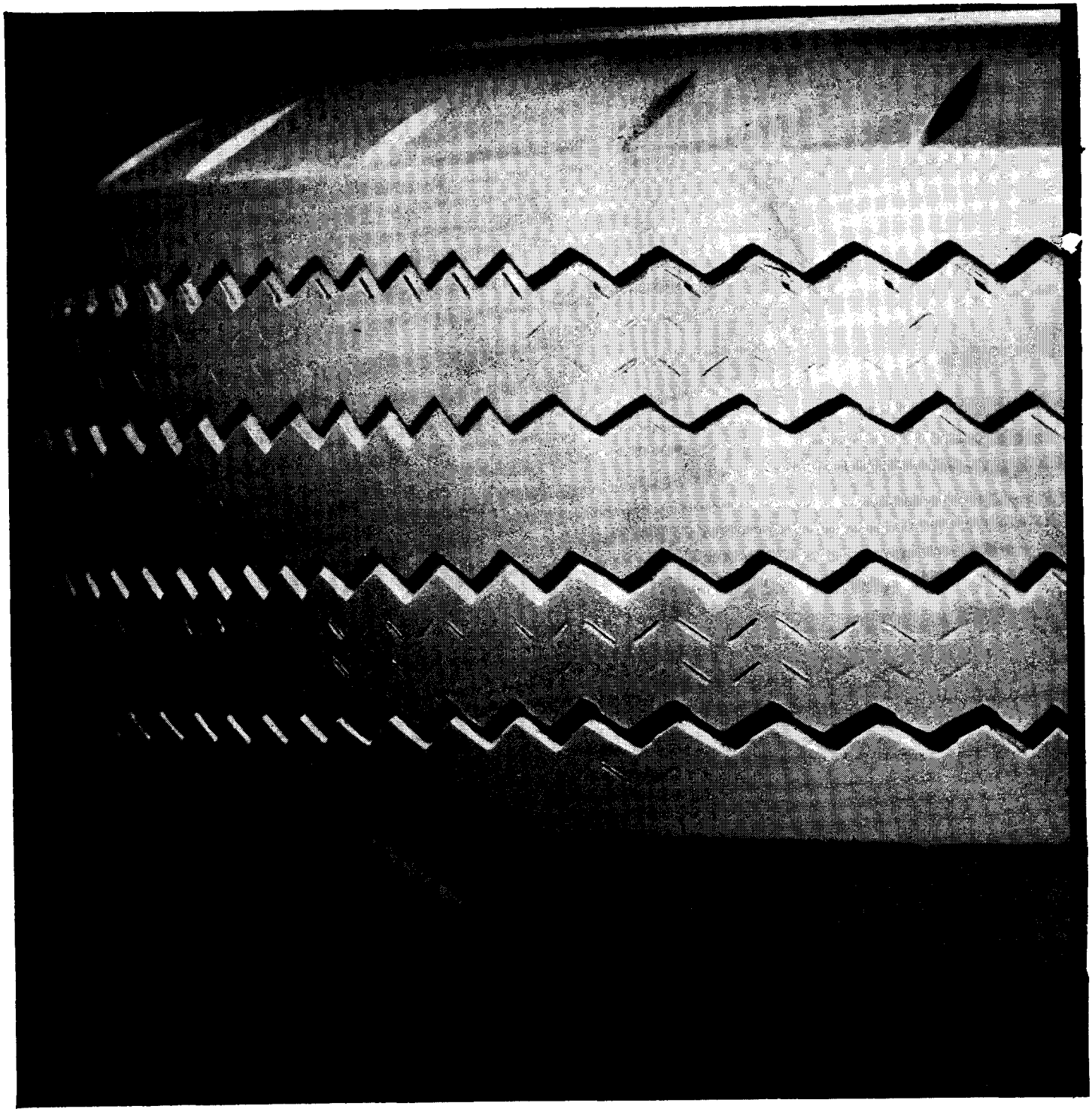

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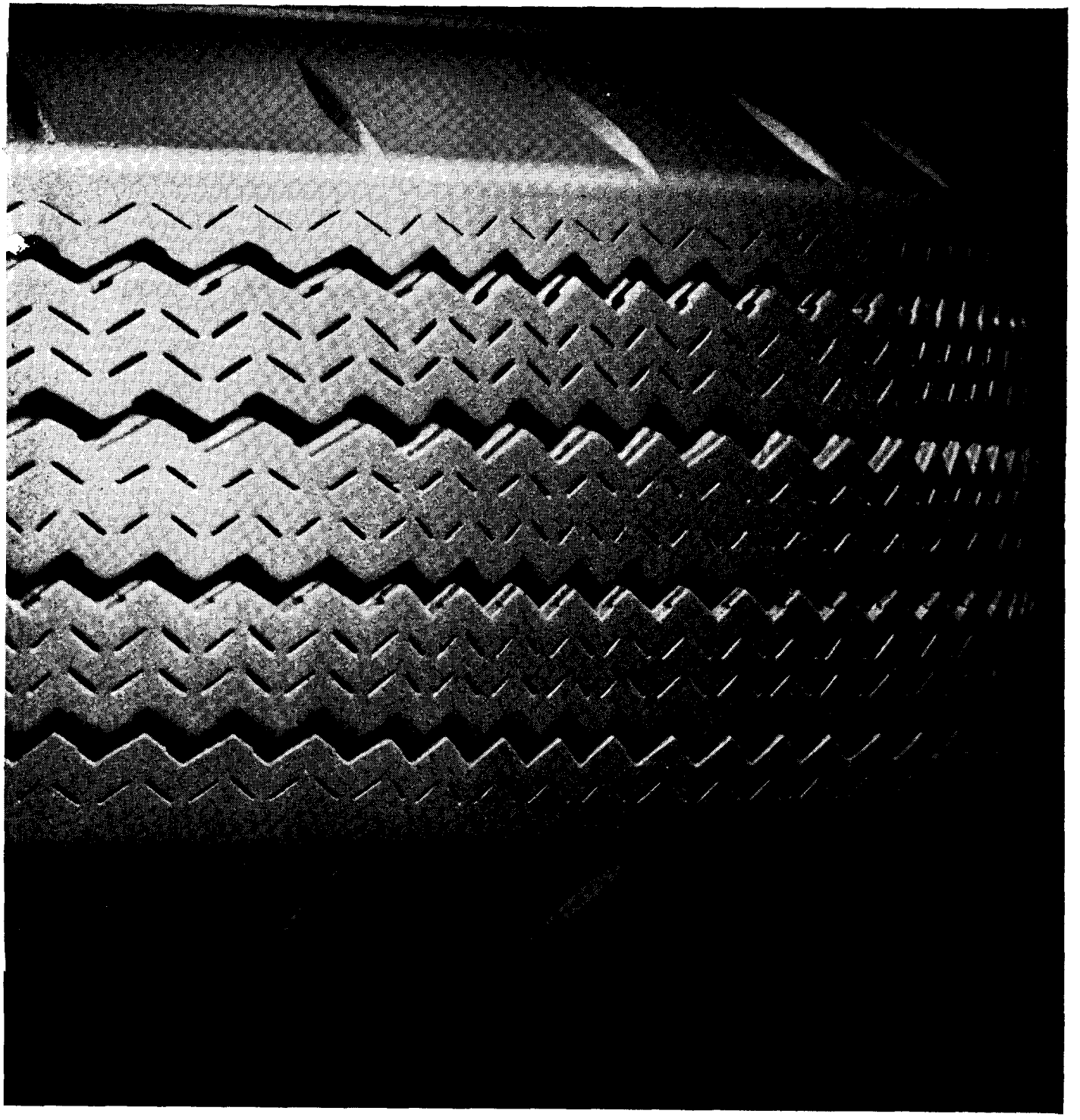

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Chronicle Complaints

STRATFORD, CONN.

THERE are some pleasant innovations in Connecticut Shakespeare viewing this season. For one thing, the newly built Stratford Motor Inn's Mermaid Tavern manages both to have fun with "yards of beer" and other colorful aspects of sixteenth-century taverns, and at the same time to serve a superior meal. And for another, the theatre's potato-chip scenery which oppressed presentations here the last two seasons has made its belated disappearance.

These benefits are to be cherished, along with the fact that this season's first two productions avoid the ludicrousnesses of the previous summer, and are handsomely costumed and set by Motley and Eldon Elder. However, they still fall short of achieving the sustained theatrical excitement the two directors have delivered elsewhere.

Although, "**Richard II**" is directed by Allen Fletcher and "**Henry IV, Part 1**" by Douglas Seale, both productions should be regarded here as a single play, because one leads straight into the next—allowing us to discount individual performances in favor of the total story.

As it turns out there are several performances that can do with discounting. One is Richard Basehart's King Richard —for while Mr. Basehart has a certain attractive sunniness and an unstilted delivery, he seems to lack the sensitivity and sharp intellect of Richard. Indeed when he says, "I had forgot. Am I not king?," we find that he is far from alone in needing this memory jog. The notion of casting young Hal Holbrook as the aged John of Gaunt doesn't really work either. Mr. Holbrook does have a character actor's skill, which permits him to convince us of Gaunt's age, but he comes across as a barking, shrewd old man, not as an eloquent prophet, steeped in a genuine love of and distress for his misruled country.

The two strongest performances in the play are given by Philip Bosco as Bolingbroke (later Henry IV) and Anne Fielding as the Queen. Mr. Bosco is imposing both visually and vocally and unlike some of the others allows his responses to come out of what is going on around him. His best moment comes when, after his patience has been tried by a foolishly sentimental York (played for comedy by Patrick Hines), he demands, almost in tears: "What would you have me do?" And Miss Fielding displays more anger and sorrow than does the king, her husband. In the garden scene, thanks to her and to Le Roi Operti, who plays the gardener the queen has cursed for bringing her bad news, the scene suddenly catches a full awareness of the play's ironic and poetic essence. The gardener genuinely wishes that his supposedly divine rulers had the power to affect his skill.

Here and in a few other places Mr. Fletcher's direction shines. For instance, he begins something quite interesting when he has Richard remove his crown, place it on the ground in front of him, and by referring his speech to it make clear that he is talking not about himself, but about the state of kingship. And whenever he can, Fletcher pushes the action out onto the stage apron and shuts off the huge opening behind with a lowered iron grill. True, this isn't a very successful Richard II, but perhaps it is a moderately workable "Henry IV, Part 1/2."

Douglas Seale picks up the baton swiftly to provide a "Henry IV, Part 1" that has much beauty in its staging. Yet it, too, suffers some miscasting. James Ray, who showed us a steadfast sincerity that suited the reformed Henry V when Ray played him in Central Park a couple of summers ago, finds that same quality much less valuable in the dissolute period of Henry's life as a prince. Hal Holbrook's Hotspur seems a monotonously choppy and rural jumping jack. And while Eric Berry's Dickensian Falstaff draws the obvious laughs, he seldom appears much more than a selfish and not very bright coward, who continually speaks as if he were suffering hernia spasms.

While Mr. Bosco is again excellent as Henry IV, the best performance in this play is Richard Waring's Glendower. Those of us who remember Mr. Waring in "The Corn Is Green," more than twenty years ago, can rejoice that he has found another Welsh role into which he can release his full energy.

Mr. Seale, like Fletcher, seems to have discovered that the action is most effective when he shuts off the stage opening and plays down front, and he alternates between this and full-stage spectacle. Perhaps the next step is to plug up the opening permanently, and to put actors of Mr. Bosco's and Mr. Waring's quality into a more exciting and dynamic relationship to each other than they ever are for long in these two productions. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Touch Not a Hair

THERE is a theory dear to many Hollywood hearts that you never tamper with a hit. "Let's not improve a success into a failure," the executives like to tell writers or directors faced with the problem of translating a hit play or a best-selling novel into something resembling a movie. And presumably the more the studio paid for the rights to these sterling properties, the more determined they are to present them to the world unaltered (apart from those sections that might cause Production Code authorities or the Legion of Decency to lift an eyebrow). The fact that such alterations might be required by the medium, they regard as irrelevant, immaterial, and a sign of downright incompetence.

It is this thinking that all too obviously dominates the new Warner Brothers's production of **"The Music Man,"** a show that enjoyed a prolonged success on Broadway, then went on to tour the hinterland with equally happy results. With such proof of stability, with such an impressive record of performance, Warner did the inevitable. From the original cast, they took the star, Robert Preston, as well as Paul Ford. The Buffalo Bills, Peggy Mondo, and Adnia Rice. Others were recruited from the road company. And tying the package together was director Morton DaCosta, who had performed a similar service for Warner in bringing "Auntie Mame" to the screen.

The result is precisely what you might expect, an overliteral, overslavish adherence to the stage version. Marion Hargrove's screenplay follows the pattern of Meredith Willson's libretto not only scene for scene, but almost line for line. And, despite wide-screen Technirama, DaCosta tends to photograph everything in long, static shots that only serve to underscore the sense of theatre. His camera setups are in themselves often quite exciting (as in the close-up of a little girl practicing the piano: the camera is inside the piano, and the keyboard fills the screen from one side to the other); but they are also notably lacking in variety, and betray an astonishing reluctance to move the camera, even in scenes that cry out for camera movement.

This impression is reinforced rather than mitigated by the freedom the camera enjoys in the film's three big song-and-dance numbers, "Shipoopi," "Madam Librarian," and of course "Seventy-Six Trombones." As choreographed by Onna White, they become the real show stoppers—imaginatively and humorously conceived (the library dance, for example, is a soft-shoe, because it's quieter), energetically and immaculately performed, and sparked with an exuberance for sheer space that occurs nowhere else in the entire picture. After each of these episodes, one is increasingly reluctant to return to the confines of the story.

But it must also be admitted that Meredith Willson's show is virtually indestructible. He has converted a cornfield into a gold mine; and the values that kept it for years the hottest ticket in town have precious little to do with technique. His fable about Harold Hill, the supersalesman who can convert kids into musicians through faith, obviously struck a responsive chord throughout the nation. Its setting (Iowa, 1912) holds a nostalgic charm—a rustic America as we would like it to have been. His characters are genuinely funny, without the bite characteristic of today's funnymen. And he has a gift for melody that, like Victor Herbert before him, states with appealing directness a romantic ballad, a clever patter song, or a rousing march.

With Robert Preston, as spry as ever, on hand again as Hill, and Shirley Jones trilling away as the perceptive but susceptible librarian, the resulting show is bound to please a great many people. But the nagging suspicion remains that a good deal more judicious tampering with a hit might have improved it into a really memorable musical.

ON THE other hand, no amount of tampering could have made **"Boys Night Out"** anything more than what it is—another tasteless, riotously unfunny attempt to wring humor from an unconventional (and unsavory) mating of the sexes. A quartet of bright-eyed young men, most of them married, share expenses on a furnished (with blonde) apartment. Each has his prescribed night at the apartment; but the girl—Kim Novak, in a particularly inspired bit of offbeat casting—is more interested in motivational research for a college thesis than in unmotivated sex with some hungry strangers. The late Ferenc Molnar used to be adept at this sort of thing, but apparently there are no Molnars currently in residence on the M-G-M lot.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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"The Flood"—Before and After

IGOR STRAVINSKY'S "Noah and the Flood," choreographed by George Balanchine, and presented recently on the Breck "Golden Showcase" program (CBS Television Network), will, of course, be remembered as one of the notable events of the 1962 season. Once the bows have been taken, however (especially by the network for commissioning the musical lion and the dancing unicorn of the ballet theatre to create this original dance drama), the question of the success of the work moves immediately to center stage.

It is fair to evaluate it as a television work, for it was created expressly for the medium; more competent observers have already reacted to its music and its choreography. Stravinsky himself set the goal for "The Flood" in a preproduction conference mentioned in this space (*SR*, June 16). He said: "Though the real question is always the same, and always a mystery—what is the relationship between the visual and musical experience?—I feel that television is the greatest medium for a new musical form, and if I decide to write another opera myself, I know that it will be for the electronic glass tube. . . . The one 'specific' of the medium that guided me in my conception of 'The Flood,'" he said, was that "visualization can be instantaneous."

I wonder if this television visualization fulfilled his expectations. After comparing the heady, exciting concepts verbalized in advance of the program by the composer and the choreographer with the actual images that came over the glass tube—my own impression is that the result was not satisfactory. Examples are numerous but one will suffice. "After Evil (explained Stravinsky in his preproduction notes), God. . . . The sky must purify us and open us to primal light. Air, clouds, distance. All of this is given but fifteen seconds of music, but I have calculated that kind of change as part of the genius of television."

The genius failed the maestro. After evil on my TV tube came a close-up of a sort of scalloped opening, two-dimensional and gray-toned, with what appeared to me as radiating lines of force. Ingenious, but hardly purity and primal light—a terribly ambitious and highly subjective combination. The special-effects department did an awesome job (must have been very expensive, too) in seeking to achieve the goals set for them, but the little engine of television just could not produce Parnassus. The masks of Noah and his kin were effective in an odd sort of way, but the whole flow of the work was curious rather than exciting.

Excitement came, unexpectedly, after the short dance drama was finished. To round out the hour (a lecture on flood legends around the world preceded the main event), the producers presented scenes of Balanchine rehearsing the dancers, and of Stravinsky rehearsing the orchestra. Suddenly some of the "visual feel" the composer had hoped for in the work itself came alive in the after-act. The female dancers, freed of their blonde wigs and disengaged of the undulating bubblegum plastic tent (representing the flood waters), were lean-limbed and beautiful. Balanchine was electric to watch, an elegant satyr among nymphs. Stravinsky was equally fascinating on his podium, giving the boys "one bar for nothing" before an entrance; answering "Why not?" to the director's "Maestro, would you like to try a take?" Like Casals, his maturity is a tremendous plus, a drama in itself of mental power dominating time.

In both instances—dance and orchestra rehearsals—it was the artist in full control: one of his dancers, the other of his music. The question of control in art is paramount. In the pit and on stage, Stravinsky and Balanchine are the masters. On television, creating "The Flood," they were in the wings and in the hands of the special-effects department. What David Brinkley has called "the monstrous apparatus of television" was too much for them.

The film is the director's medium. In TV the control stick is up for grabs. Perhaps Stravinsky's dream of television as a great medium for a new musical form, permitting symbolism and abstraction, awaits a Gordon Craig among special-effects men. Meanwhile, it is strange that every time television goes arty, it winds up being a bit pretentious; and every time it acts natural, it succeeds in being art.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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PLAYING FOR FISCHER-DIESKAU

In this chapter from his forthcoming "Am I Too Loud?" to be published by Macmillan later in the summer, the foremost accompanist of the day evaluates one of his favorite collaborators. They will, incidentally, be heard in joint recitals in New York, Chicago, Boston, and Washington during October and November.

By GERALD MOORE

WITH Kathleen Ferrier on March 16, 1951, I went to Cologne. I mention the specific date, for it was after this very recital that my neighbor at supper asked me if I had heard of a young baritone—then in his early twenties—named Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. I did not know the name but was promptly told: "Then you soon will. He is one of the greatest interpretative artists Germany has ever produced and is already the world's finest lieder singer."

No more than six months later this young giant walked into the recording studio in London with his beautiful wife; we had been booked to record Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin" together. He is big in every way: physically, intellectually, and musically, with the commanding presence that was Chaliapin's; though he comports himself with modesty, a modesty born of a subconscious awareness of the greatness of his capabilities, of the magnitude of the tasks that lie ahead of him, and of the burden of responsibility growing ever heavier with his increasing fame and lofty ideals. He had only to sing one phrase before I knew I was in the presence of a master.

How does it feel, it might be asked, when at my time of life, a quarter of a century Fischer-Dieskau's senior, with my vast experience, to find myself playing for a man who is able, by his supreme artistry, to make startling revelations to me? Perhaps here it is only fair to myself to say that I am too serious a musician to suffer any heartburning on this account, and the everlasting joy of my profession is that one is always a learner. Age makes no difference, and if anybody can open the door and shed a new light on things I gratefully accept the fresh air and the illumination.

Concerts with him are inspiring experiences, but to me the supreme thrill is rehearsing with him. At rehearsal he is as nervous and transported as an archeologist bringing a long-hidden treasure to light. His concentration is so intense he is quite unaware that his hands are twitching with excitement. He greets me with his cherubic countenance wreathed in smiles, for despite the fierce effort our work requires, mentally and physically, it is anticipated by both of us with keenest pleasure.

This man, Fischer-Dieskau, has taken me deeper into the hearts of Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, and Brahms than I have ever been before.

If this statement is to be taken at its face value, it would surely imply that we have innumerable and marathon rehearsals, but this is not so. Before a recital in Berlin, London, Paris, or Milan we may have two—at most three—rehearsals lasting no more than ninety minutes each; for programs that we have previously performed together one rehearsal suffices. It goes without saying that we are musical intimates with a complete understanding, and in the

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course of our preparation each is vividly alive to the reactions of the other. It is a mutual affair. Grateful though I am to him for his inspiring influence, responding with electricity to his promptings, I should be doing this great singer less than justice if I gave the impression that he arrogates to himself alone the right to make suggestions. There are no conflicting personalities when we work together: we discuss, we test, we try this way and that way, and quite often Dieter will ask my advice and weigh it up; for he is an artist, not a prima donna.

IT is not enough to say that his voice is wonderful, that he has an incredible technique which enables him to do what he will; it is not enough that his enunciation is flawless with perfect marriage of word and tone. Temperament? Abundance of it. Passionate love for music? Of course. But there are other great singers with these virtues.

If I had to put my finger on the key to Fischer-Dieskau's supremacy, setting him apart from every other singer, I would use one word, rhythm. This is the lifeblood of music and he is the master of it.

In writing about John McCormack I emphasized how the Irish tenor and John Coates tried as much as possible to use a natural speech rhythm, were not bound by the mechanical tick of the metronome, or under any obligation to beatify the first beat of a measure. Fischer-Dieskau goes even deeper than these superb artists. His freedom and elasticity are not only influenced by the words he is singing but by a poignancy of feeling for the music itself. He understands what the composer felt, and is able to reveal and express it so piercingly that it goes to the heart. Let me put it plainly: I cannot think of one single song that Fischer-Dieskau sings where he would keep strict time throughout. In the pianoforte introduction to the first of the "Harfenspieler" songs by Wolf ("Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt"), the metronome and I would be at odds in the very first measure, for the third and fourth beats here take longer than the first two beats: the second bar is similarly shaped to the first; but the third bar—climbing in pitch to the fourth bar—is in a quicker tempo altogether; the fifth slow again. This is the shape as Fischer-Dieskau conceives it, a shape to be clothed by color and feeling. The design, once set to one's satisfaction, dictates almost of itself the light and shade needed to give it meaning and eloquence, wanting here a thick stroke of the brush, there a thin. At least this is how it seems to me: color and nuance falling naturally onto the bare bones of the song's muscular and elastic structure.

Nor is this treatment confined to the slow-moving or lyrical style of song; Fischer-Dieskau employs it in music of heroic or energetic vein. In Schubert's "An Schwager Kronos" or "Abschied," it is tightened, as the muscle of Chopin's "Military Polonaise" is tightened by an almost imperceptible rubato. The series of reiterated chords in Wolf's "Der Rattenfänger" are not played as printed—with the regular spattering of a machine gun nor with uniform fortissimo; there is the sudden pause or comma, the drop in tone quantity, and then the mighty rush forward with quickened speed and steep crescendo. Either it can be played with the soulless correctitude of a pianola, or the human element of excitement can be imposed on it.

In his early twenties he was accused of being too serious: only in songs of a somber nature, it was said, was he par excellence; he lacked the light touch. It is possible that in those days he was particularly attracted by "Die Winterreise," "Vier ernste Gesänge," and the Michelangelo Lieder, for these are gigantic challenges for a young artist and have to be met. But if there was any germ of truth in this criticism, it is most certainly not the case now. In his recorded album of Wolf's Mörike, "Zur Warnung," "Storchenbotschaft," and "Abschied" are masterpieces of comedy. In "Zur Warnung" his portrayal of the man waking up with a fearful hangover after a night's drinking and attempting to sing is one of the funniest things I have ever heard. Is there a more pot-valiant Falstaff than he or a Count Almaviva giving point to Mozart's humor with greater delicacy?

Perhaps the artist whose comedy is so superb in these roles, whose portrayal of Berg's Wozzeck or Busoni's Dr. Faustus can be so pitiful or tragic, is a different person from the one whom I accompany in lieder. He considers a recital more taxing mentally and physically than three operatic parts put together: and I remember him so white of face, so full of apprehension, over what he called his shortcomings on the day of a Berlin concert we had together that his younger son, aged eight, declared, "Daddy, I do not want to be famous like you because it makes you so worried." True it is that his demeanor as he stands at the piano acknowledging his audience's greeting is unsmiling and grave: Can this be the same easy and relaxed individual, one asks, who is such a consummate actor in opera? It would not be in character for Fischer-Dieskau to present a smiling and confident countenance, nor, I might add parenthetically, do Heifetz or Casals exude an air of geniality when they appear before us.

Fischer-Dieskau's personality has forced itself so strongly on all who see and hear him that curiosity is continually being expressed as to what manner of man this phenomenon is.

Were I to say he lives music, thinks music, and talks music I should be telling the truth, and yet were the statement to give an impression that, utterly dedicated to his art, he has no room for any other thought in his life, it would be wrong. This would be to suffer from a complaint which is called in my profession "being music simple," an affliction particularly trying and tedious to fellow musicians of the delinquent.

I do not know a more stimulating companion than Dieter, for his mind and imagination range widely. He speaks English without the semblance of a German accent, and his taste in reading embraces anything from Shakespeare to Somerset Maugham. This, with all the traveling he does in England, America, and Italy, gives him a broad culture (he makes the word "broad" rhyme with "road," the only mispronunciation of which he is guilty). As a result his humor is not Teutonic; his wit is quick and keen and he laughs frequently—but always quietly—with a long low gurgle which rapidly rises to the surface.

HAD he his time over again he would either be an actor (no one who has seen him in opera could wonder at this) or a painter. For his holidays he forgets music, sits in his charming garden in the Lindenallee, paints and reads of painting. He delights in beautiful things and has a fine collection of glass, china, and old furniture. The reconstruction of his handsome house was planned by him, and it would be unthinkable to plant a new tree in his garden without his anxious consideration. In his wife's clothes and jewelry he takes great pride, for she is a sweet and lovely girl: when I expressed to her my admiration for a charming bracelet she was wearing, she told me, "It was designed by Dieter."

Music, naturally, is the mainspring of his existence. His library of books on the subject and of gramophone records is vast. Do you wish to compare a Schlusnus with a Slezak performance of a Wolf song? The records are found in a moment—for they are all carefully indexed, and each has its particular niche on his capacious shelves—and the performances discussed. Unlike many singers, interested only in songs or opera, Fischer-Dieskau wants to hear everything—having a passion for chamber music and orchestral music. The

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catalogue of his records compiled in his own scholarly hand is an encyclopedia in itself; for there beside the list of a composer's records is a picture of the composer with a short biography of his career; possibly there will be a picture of the singer, conductor, or pianist.

Every so often his relatives and friends will be invited for an evening's music. Dieter will choose one composer and will give in his own words this man's biography. He will have registered this talk previously on his tape recorder so that his full attention can be given to the various pictures he flashes on the screen, synchronizing with his words. After the little lecture, informative, witty, and sometimes moving, the audience settles back to a carefully selected program of this composer's recorded works.

His thirst for music is insatiable. Finding ourselves sentenced to spend a week in Iceland, his wife, a very fine violoncellist, and I gave a sonata program purely for his pleasure; a command performance.

Irmgard indeed is a remarkable young woman, for besides running the household with its staff of servants and looking after their two young boys, she and Dieter's secretary are responsible for all the business connected with the singer's career. For, according to him, when he is not working at his singing he is resting: "There are only two positions for a singer: on his feet or on his back." He has an uncanny assessment of his own physical strength and knows exactly when to cry a halt. For instance, my engagement book for our next recording dates in Berlin reads as follows: Monday—rehearse; Tuesday—rehearse; Wednesday—rest; Thursday—record; Friday—record; Saturday—rest; Sunday—rehearse; Monday—record; Tuesday—rest; Wednesday—record. Is he studying much of the time he is resting? Most possibly, but at least he is saving his voice and his strength.

This wisdom, or detached self-critical faculty of his, answers a question with which he has been pestered for years; namely, when will he sing Hans Sachs? This mighty part could be his for the taking whenever he wished, and no one doubts that he would be the supreme Mastersinger of his time. After all, a great operatic baritone in the German tradition must have the ambition to play Sachs, as a violinist aspires to the Bach Chaconne or as a pianist to play the "Hammerklavier." His reply to all entreaties is inexorable. "I shall not play Sachs until I am forty years old." Impatient though I am to hear it, I cannot withhold my admiration for the wisdom of this young man, this refusal to be tempted by glory.

(*Continued on page* 36)

A Fischer-Dieskau Discography

Bach: Arias	Angel 35698, S 35698
Bach: Cantata No. 4	DGG ARC 3063
Bach: Cantatas Nos. 56, 82	DGG ARC 3058
Bach: Cantatas Nos. 56, 82	Decca 9595
Bach: Cantatas Nos. 211, 212	Electrola 80618
Bach: Christmas Oratorio	Elect. 80465/8S; S-80645/8S
Bach: Christmas Oratorio excerpts	Elect. 80662, S 80662
Bach: Mass in B minor	DGG ARC 3177/9, 73177/9
Bach: St. Matthew Passion	DGG ARC 3125/8, 73125/8
Bach: St. Matthew Passion choruses and arias	DGG 19233, 136233
Bartok: "Bluebeard's Castle"	DGG 18565, 138030
★**Beethoven:** "An die ferne Geliebte"	Elect. 90052
Schubert: "Schwanengesang"	
Beethoven: "Fidelio"	Decca DX 147
Beethoven: Scottish Songs	DGG 18706, 138706
Haydn: songs	
Weber: songs	
Beethoven: Songs	Elect. 90005/6
Beethoven: Symphony No. 9	Decca DX 157, 7157
Brahms: Vier ernste Gesange	Decca 9668
Brahms: Vier ernste Gesange	DGG 18644, 138644
Dvorak: Biblical songs	
Brahms: German Requiem	Elect. 90003/4S
Brahms: Lieder	Elect. 90015
Brahms: Magelone lieder	Decca 9401
Brahms: Six songs	Decca 9930
Schumann: "Dichterliebe"	
Buxtehude: Cantatas	DGG ARC 3096
Debussy: Songs	
Ravel: Songs	DGG 18615, 138115
★**Faure:** "La Bonne Chanson"	Elect. 70370
Gluck: "Orfeo ed Euridice"	Decca DX 143
Handel: Cantata No. 11, Italian Cantata No. 8	Elect. 91063, S 91063
Bach: Cantata 203	
Handel: "Julius Caesar" excerpts	DGG 18637, 138637
★**Haydn:** Lieder, Canzonetten	Elect. 90988, S 90988
Mahler: "Kindertotenlieder"	Elect. 70004
Mahler: "Lied von der Erde"	Angel 3607B, S 3607B
Mahler: "Songs of a Wayfarer"	Angel 35522
Brahms: Lieder	
Mahler: Songs	DGG 18590, 138058
Pfitzner: Songs	
Strauss: Songs	
Mozart: "Don Giovanni" excerpts	DGG 19224, 136224
Mozart: "Magic Flute"	Decca DX 134
Mozart: "Magic Flute" excerpts	Decca 9932
Mozart: "Marriage of Figaro"	DGG 18697/9, 138697/9
Nicolai: "Merry Wives of Windsor" excerpts	Elect. 60064
Puccini: "La Boheme" excerpts	Elect. 80003
Puccini: "Madame Butterfly" excerpts	Elect. 60062
Schoeck: Songs	DGG 18511, 138013
★**Schubert:** "Die schone Mullerin"	Elect. 90038/9
Schubert: Goethe Lieder	DGG 18617, 138117
Schubert: Songs, "Der Taucher"	Elect. 90987, S 90987
★**Schubert:** Songs	Angel 35624
Schubert: Songs, "Der Taucher"	Angel 35656, S 35656
★**Schubert:** Songs	Angel 35699
Schubert: Songs	★Elect. 80040, 90021, 90921
	Elect. 91023, S 91023
	Elect. 91024, S 91024
★**Schubert:** "Die Winterreise"	Elect. 90001/2
★**Schumann:** "Liederkreis"	Elect. 70042
Schumann: Songs	Elect. 90014
Schumann: Songs	DGG 18655, 138655
Schumann: Songs	Decca 9935
Schutz: St. Matthew Passion	DGG ARC 3172, 73172
Strauss: "Capriccio"	Angel 3580C/L
Strauss: "Elektra"	DGG 18690/1, 138690/1
Strauss: "Elektra" excerpts	DGG 19234, 136234
Strauss: "Der Rosenkavalier" excerpts	DGG 18656, 138656
★**Strauss:** Songs	Angel 35600
Verdi: Arias	Elect. 91005, S 91005
Wagner: "The Flying Dutchman"	Angel 3616C/L, S 3616C/L
Wagner: "Tannhauser"	Angel 3620D/L, S 3620D/L
Wagner: "Tannhauser" excerpts	Angel 35685, S 35685
Wagner: "Tristan und Isolde"	Angel 3588E/L
★**Wolf:** Eichendorff Songs	Elect. 90989, S 90989
★**Wolf:** Morike Lieder	Elect. 90018/20S
Wolf: Songs	Decca 9632
★**Wolf:** Goethe Lieder	Angel 35474
★**Wolf:** Songs	Elect. 91002
★**Wolf:** Goethe Lieder	Elect. 91072, S 91072
★**Wolf:** Goethe Lieder	Elect. 91073, S 91073
★**Wolf:** "Spanisches Liederbuch" excerpts	Elect. 90922
★**Wolf:** "Spanisches Liederbuch" excerpts	Angel 35838, S 35838
★**Wolf:** "Italienisches Liederbuch" (w. Seefried)	DGG 18568/9, 138035/6
Operatic Recital	DGG 18700, 138700
★**Duets** (w. de los Angeles)	Angel 35963, S 35963

★ *with Gerald Moore*

—Linda Wolfe.

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For the enthusiasm and appreciation shown by the public, he is naturally grateful, since he is only human, and being human, he is pleased by a good press and disappointed when it is adverse, but the glory and glamor attached to him through his unique position in the world of music leave him unmoved. He guards his privacy very carefully. Not for him crowds of strangers and autograph hunters invading the Artists' Room at the end of a recital; he will have none of it. His sense of dignity rebels when, tired and perspiring after an arduous evening's singing, it is taken for granted that he should be at the disposal of all and sundry who want his signature: the concert over, he wants to be out of sight, and he slips away as unobtrusively as possible.

This disappearing act of his is not without its funny side. At his Munich hotel the receptionist and the hall porter never see him for the simple reason that he never comes into the foyer; he steals down a back staircase and leaves by the rear door where his car awaits him—he tells me all this with a twinkle in his eye. And he is vastly amused when I mention to him that on my asking for the number of Mr. and Mrs. Fischer-Dieskau's suite, the porter's eyes clearly say, "I do not believe in the existence of this man."

I have learned so much from this great musician, this young man hardly born when I was playing for John Coates; he has come along in the autumn of my career and so stimulated and inspired me by his marvelous artistry that I cannot but say—for what I have received I am truly grateful.

Florence Foster Jenkins—"conquers . . . by understatement."

Florence Foster Jenkins's Tradition

THOSE who cherish rare personalities in the world of song will be indebted to RCA Victor for the rerelease in one long-playing record (LM 2597, $4.98) of seven morceaux sung by the late Florence Foster Jenkins, coupled on the reverse side with performances by two significant newcomers in the Jenkins tradition—Jenny Williams and Thomas Burns—of excerpts from Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Burns, a tenor of diversified range and timbre, his top tones possessing the Lauri-Volpi *squillo* and his bottom ones the Louis Armstrong buzz, gives promise of equalling the vocal glamor of the late diva. One can only regret, with this emerging talent at hand, that Mme. Jenkins is no longer here to record with Mr. Burns "O sink' hernieder, Nacht der Liebe" or the Grand Duo from Act IV of "Les Huguenots." Either scene, as sung by these artists in combination, would have made recording history. Miss Williams, a less striking personality, conveys not so much the pristine Jenkins brilliance as an introspective lyricism quite her own. More of these two debutants later; one's thoughts turn first to their famous mentor.

There have been, in our time, only two *prime donne assolute* intrepid enough to attempt every phase of high soprano literature: Florence Foster Jenkins and Maria Callas. Each has had her adherents; and while it cannot be denied that Mme. Callas is interpretatively the more accomplished of the two, communicating—at her best vocal moments—the inner meaning of the drama with unrivalled eloquence, Mme. Jenkins is acoustically the more picturesque.

In life (death came to her in 1944, scarcely more than a month after a wildly successful Carnegie Hall recital), she must have commanded tremendous élan. According to Francis Robinson's excellent album-liner, the diva found after a taxicab crash in 1943 that she could sing "a higher F than ever before" and instead of bringing suit against the cab company sent the driver a box of costly cigars. This free-wheeling exuberance, this readiness for adventure in the empyrean of the treble clef are readily distinguishable in all of her arias currently released by RCA Victor. Is there fire in them, incandescent passion? Candidly, no. Mme. Jenkins has been content to follow along the limpid, impersonal lines of a Melba. She conquers, in performance, by understatement.

So many treasures are contained in this album that one is hard put to list his preferences. The memorable cadenza to the Bell Song from "Lakmé," the whole of David's "Charmant Oiseau" and of Adele's Laughing Song from "Die Fledermaus" (how infectious is Mme. Jenkins's good humor in this excerpt!), and the complex "Biassy," a vocal arrangement of a Bach clavichord prelude—sung in Russian to words by Pushkin—that links nocturnal impressions of a Petersburg troika with a Leipzig *Gasthaus* at full noon . . . all of these are unique in recorded music. Of what importance an occasional ruffling of the tonal surface, some passing inaccuracies of rhythm? Those who prize the art of Mme. Jenkins are not concerned with minutiae. Her singing at its finest suggests the untrammeled swoop of some great bird.

Of the two younger singers whose voices are heard on the reverse side of this long-playing disc, Mr. Robinson writes: "One day with no advance warning whatever, Jenny Williams and Thomas Burns walked into RCA Victor's Custom Record Department. The records they wanted to make were to be for their own use, but eventually they agreed to the public issuance of the material on this disc. The English translations are their own and speak for themselves, also for the cause of opera in English."

This promising pair has recorded four excerpts, singly and in combination, from "Faust": Valentin's aria, "Avant de quitter ces lieux," which Mr. Burns—obviously a dramatic tenor—has taken a half-tone higher than the original baritone key, with somewhat hybrid results; Marguerite's Jewel Song, sung with a degree of virtuoso flair by Miss Williams; Faust's "Salut demeure," of which Mr. Burns—ranging in his own tenor preserve—gives a remarkable performance; and the entire last act (with the exception of the closing chorus) in which the final trio becomes a duo, as there is no Méphistophélès. Only an unremitting purist would object to the absence here of the basso. Mr. Burns and Miss Williams fill the dramatic canvas by themselves.

On hearing this recording, one realizes anew how imperishable is the art of *bel canto*.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Flamenco at Córdoba and on Discs

By WALTER STARKIE

CORDOBA, SPAIN.

IN RECENT YEARS most of the festivals of *cante jondo*, or "deep song," and Flamenco singing have have taken place in Córdoba, which rivals Seville, Cadiz, and Granada as a meeting place of the aficionados.

On a sultry Saturday night in May of this year, great crowds gathered in the majestic Plaza de la Corredera, the traditional scene in centuries past of royal joustings, bullfights, and carnivals. For weeks the taverns in the streets off the square had echoed and reechoed with the thrumming of countless guitars, and the melancholy drawn-out *ay!* which the Gypsies chant at the beginning of their rite.

The most remarkable feature of this year's festival of Andalusian song in Córdoba was the emphasis given by the organizers to versions of the Flamenco styles created by the celebrated stars of the past, whom the *cantaores* of today evoked as they improvised the traditional *soleares* from Triana, Utrera, and Alcalá de Guadaira; *seguidillas* of Manuel Cagancho from the Cava, and Tomás el Nitrí from the Monte del Pirolo; *deblas* of Manuel Torres; and *malagueñas* of Enrique, "the Twin," from the *café de chinitas* in Malaga.

On the last day of the festival Antonio, Spain's premier dancer, and his ballet performed before a huge audience in the Alcázar of the Christian Kings as a prelude to the solemn proclamation of the winner of the guerdon of song, and the bestowal of the Prize of 100,000 pesetas and a golden key to the victorious minstrel, Antonio de Mairena. As we listened to the symposium, which concluded the festival, with its jumble of Andalusian song and dance styles that vary from town to town, even from village to village like the *ragas* of Indian music, we remembered the many festivals we had attended up and down Andalusia ever since that greatest of all festivals of "deep song," which was organized by Manuel de Falla and his friends, Ignacio Zuloaga, the Basque painter, and Federico Garcia Lorca, the Granadine poet, in the Alhambra at Granada in 1922.

This year the audience in Córdoba was by comparison drab, and we missed the poetry of former days. In 1922 the emphasis was on the ancient ritualistic *cante jondo* with its primitive blacksmith's song or *martinetes*, devoid of accompaniments except for the tapping of the style-stick by the singer to imitate the beating of the hammer on the anvil. The Gypsies, according to Falla, brought into Andalusia from the East a new musical style which constitutes *cante jondo*, a term given to a group of Andalusian folk songs whose prototype is the *Siriguiya Gitana*, and from which other forms such as the *polo*, *martinete*, and *soleares* are derived. These must be distinguished from the more modern groups of lighter style called by the name Flamenco, which include *malagueñas*, *granadinas*, and *rondeñas*. The Gypsy, as the Spaniard says, "*tiene la alegría de estar triste*" (rejoices in being sad). It is significant that the Hungarians, who likewise are so susceptible to the improvisation of the *cigany* fiddler, when he plays to their face, say: "*sirva vigad a Magyár*" (the Magyar revels in sadness). The word *jondo* is the strongly aspirated dialect form of *hondo*, meaning "deep" and "profound." *Cante jondo* is thus the song of the tragic sense of life, or as a Spanish writer says, "the song of humanity in chains."

The word *flamenco* expresses an essential element in Andalusia. Some say the word was applied to the Gypsies because, with their physical appearance (slender legs and prominent buttocks) and bright colors, they resembled the flamingo. Another explanation was that the word was derived from the two Arabic words *fellah* (husbandman) and *mangu* (to sing)—hence the singing of the country people or folk song. The word is applied by people in conversation to anything that is bright, vivacious, and roguish. The Gypsies of Andalusia are more lively and roguish than the native Andalusians and are renowned for their repartee and lisping, tripping speech, hence *muy flamencos*. The word became fashionable in Spain in 1875 when the first production of the opera "Carmen" by Bizet made Gypsified fashions the rage.

When we listen to Gypsy singing in Andalusia we must distinguish between "deep song" and Flamenco. The "deep song" style is deeper, more solemn, and more primitive, with metallic tones. It is also called *cante grande* or "great song": the Flamenco style, which is of lighter texture, is called *cante chico*, or "little song."

In order to illustrate some of these essential characteristics of "deep song" and Flamenco, let us consider the recordings of songs and dances performed by the distinguished Spanish dancer Lutys de Luz and her partners Pablitos and Niño de Ecija, the *cantaor*, and Pepe Tovar, the guitarist (Monitor, MF 357). Lutys de Luz, following in the footsteps of the great dancer Antonia Mercé, La Argentina, gives dance recitals involving the intervention of serious music such as the works of Falla, Granados, and Albéniz, but unlike La Argentina she does not neglect the Flamenco rhythms, and in this record she strings together *tientos*, *zapateado* (an acrobatic step dance), and *tanguillo* to form a rhapsodic dance. And Niño de Ecija sings a *malagueña* with so much religious feeling that his singing has a touch of *cante jondo* quality.

SO intimate is the relationship existing between the *cantaor* and his guitarist that the guitar has been called "the conscience of Andalusia." It is the guitarist in Flamenco who creates the atmosphere for the singer and the background which enables the singer to find scope for his inspiration. He can produce both melody and harmony from his instrument, and being a Gypsy he accentuates its harsh metallic tone.

Another attempt at adapting Flamenco technique and rhythms to serious music has been made by the virtuoso guitarist and composer Vicente Gomez in "Concierto Flamenco" (Decca Stereo 74088). His concerto is in three movements: *Amanecer* (Dawn in Seville); *Crepúscolo* (sunset in Córdoba), and *Fiesta* (Fiesta in Granada). It exploits all the gamut of Flamenco motifs in pleasant and colorful fashion, for Vicente Gomez is a consummate master of rhythmic effects, and in the third movement he conjures up with great skill the atmosphere of the night fiestas in the Gypsy caves of the Albaicin. The concerto is followed by a "Calypso fantasy." He has been fortunate in having as partner Dorothy McManus, whose piano accompaniments add a sparkling quality to the record.

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Recordings in Review

Two by Britten

BRITTEN: *"Noye's Fludde." Owen Brannigan, Sheila Rex, Trevor Anthony, etc., with the English Chamber Orchestra, a children's orchestra and chorus conducted by Norman Del Mar.* London OS 25331, $5.98. *Sonata, Opus 65.* SCHUMANN: *"Fünf Stücke im Volkston."* DEBUSSY: *Sonata. Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, with Benjamin Britten, piano.* London CS 6237, $5.98.

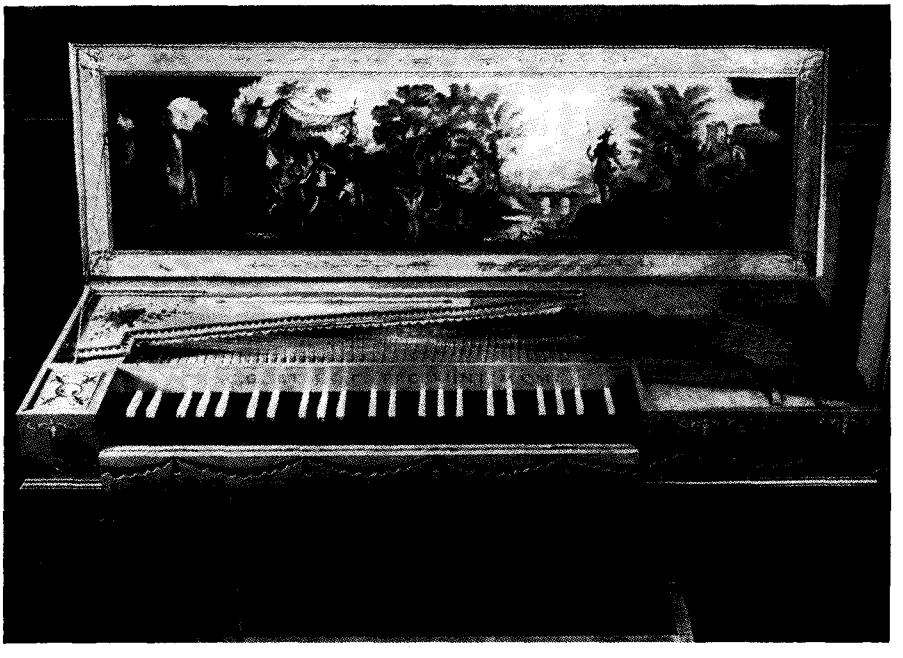
One near certainty about any new work of Britten these days is that it is not likely to stretch the mental faculties of the listener or challenge him to comprehend an unfamiliar idiom. In the years between forty-five and fifty (which he will reach next year), when some composers have made impressive forward steps in striking power and diversity of idiom, Britten continues to write much the same music as he has for the past fifteen years or so.

Nevertheless, Rostropovich's suavely articulate performance provides strong reason to believe that "Britten, Opus 65" will be a familiar inscription for some time to come on programs of cello recitals. In this work of 1960-61, Britten has written considerately for the cello, and thoughtfully for it in combination with the piano. All the amenities of range, balance, and mutual advantage are accounted for by plan, with little left to mischance.

My basic complaint with the five movements ("Dialogo," "Scherzo-pizzicato," "Elegia," "Marcia," and "Moto perpetuo") is that they are palatable rather than nourishing. That is, the sound comes pleasantly to the ear, satisfying immediate aesthetic sensitivities, but provides little to sustain or stimulate the attention on a second or third hearing. This, certainly, is a formula for ready acceptance, but it does not promise much in durability.

"Noye's Fludde," being the setting of the Chester Miracle Play of the Middle Ages, is clearly a special case, providing for the participation of a children's orchestra (strings plus recorders, percussion, bugles, and handbells) and chorus to augment the adult principals and chamber musicians. Some of its details—such as the Chaucerian English—suggest that it may have influenced the plan of the recent Stravinsky work on the same subject (which it antedates by several years), but it inhabits another intellectual world altogether. This is one of simulated naïveté and realistic depiction of the animals (punctuated by a "Kyrie eleison" and an "Alleluia!"), but it sorely wants the visual elements for total effect. Or, perhaps, like toffee and water biscuits, this is a taste that is best acquired by birth.

In the other works of the Rostropovich disc, Britten's performances are of a quality to make Gerald Moore's reference to him (in his forthcoming "Am I Too Loud?"), as "the world's greatest accompanist" more than a mere pleasantry. He and Rostropovich clearly have a communion of feeling which, like love at first sight, can be neither manufactured nor denied.



Dart's clavichord—"masterful craftsmanship of Thomas Goff."

Bach by Dart

BACH: *French Suites (Nos. 1-6). Thurston Dart, clavichord. L'Oiseau Lyre* SOL 60039, $5.98.

Quantitatively, the sound produced by Dart on his instrument is hardly greater than the guitar's, and, being not quite so easily manipulated, even harder to reproduce. But, with all the problems, performer and technicians have made a brilliant success of demonstrating its suitability to these particular works. Whether it would serve as well for the English or German (partitas) suites must wait for future determination, but in terms of the characteristic movements (Courante, Sarabande, Gavotte, Gigue, etc.) which come and go in these six works, it flourishes famously.

More than a little of this is due to the masterful craftsmanship of Thomas Goff, the celebrated English contemporary instrument builder. Now (by the evidence of the fifth edition of Grove's Dictionary) in his mid-sixties, he has spent over half his life blending contemporary refinements in *matériel* and design with the specifications of the eighteenth-century instrument, with results that must be heard to be appreciated fully.

Among distinctive features of the Goff clavichord are a relatively rich bass whose twangy resonance gives much more character and distinction to the lower contrapuntal line than is possible, for example, on the piano. Also, because of the clavichord's direct response to the touch of the individual player, trills and other ornaments can be shaped to the volume and intensity that the performer's taste—and digital skill—dictate. In his commentary, Dart directs attention to the "nuances of expression, intonation, and vibrato" which are unique properties of his preferred instrument, and the reproduced results do not mock his words.

Finally, and most important in the final results, Dart is a musician of profound knowledge and fastidious taste whose Bach-playing is comparable to any now being heard, and not unworthy of the hallowed company of Harold Samuel and James Friskin. The fast movements are informed with high vitality despite the seemingly fragile characteristics of the instrument, and the slow movements shaped with the infinite gradations of pressure and dynamics

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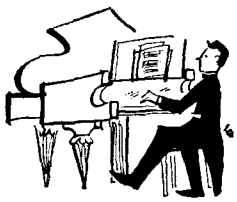
which seem accessible only to those (guitarists, oboeists, etc.) who deal in the smallest tonal values.

Some may reasonably object to his decision to omit repeats throughout—a deprivation in some of the shorter pieces—but the compromise enables the listener to have all the music of the six works on a single disc. A special debt is owed to the nameless technicians who, faced with a highly selective choice between musical sound and noise, have succeeded in suppressing almost all of the latter without penalty to the former.



Strauss's "Enoch Arden"

STRAUSS: *"Enoch Arden." Claude Rains, reader, with Glenn Gould, piano.* Columbia MS 6341, $5.98.

As one to whom any unfamiliar work of Richard Strauss holds the promise of untold riches, this one had more than its average quantity of attraction. Dusty pages of the scrapbook past recollect performances by such as David Bispham, as well as Ernst von Possart, for whom it was written: but I have heard neither vowel nor consonant of it in three decades of concert going. (An entry in Schwann for a New Records LP has no meaning, in fact, for me.)

Which, perhaps, is just as well. For then I would have been deprived of the delightful discovery that "Enoch Arden" suggests less a carefully calculated composition than a narrator whose reading of a poem is occasionally interrupted by a pianist in the next studio playing excerpts from "Rosenkavalier." My qualifications for passing judgment on the narration being negligible, comment must be restricted to the musical embellishment.

This, the indoctrinated Straussian will deplore, is rather too discontinuous for serious consideration, for all that it deals heavily in the chromatic coin of "Rosenkavalier" to come (a decade later). I note, from Gould's commentary (complete with identification of its several motives) that "Enoch Arden" contains "Strauss's most uncomfortably sentimental music." Uncomfortable for whom? The player? Then why play it?

There is a suggestion of an answer in Gould's further observation that "Enoch's" creation may have come about because Strauss "was never averse to picking up a fast mark." Could this possibly apply to some of his interpreters as well?

Joan Sutherland as Gilda

VIEW it as you will, the new London recording of "Rigoletto" (A 4360, $14.94) resolves itself to the bare facts stated above: Joan Sutherland as Gilda. For the associated principals—Cornell MacNeil as Rigoletto and Renato Cioni as the Duke (and from time to time, Fernando Corena as Monterone and Cesare Siepi as Sparafucile)—are not strong enough to make the focus of a performance by themselves, nor wanting enough to spoil a good one by the Gilda. Conductor Nino Sanzogno almost does that on his own, but doesn't quite succeed.

Doubtless the first thing the Sutherland devotees will want to know is: what kind of voice is she in? The answer, obviously, has to be—lavish. She is not in one kind of voice at all, but three. There is a little girl voice for the scene with her father, with the Duke (before she has been Aroused) and for her "Caro nome." Then there is a deflowered tone for Act II, after she has been abducted and Taken Advantage Of. Then there is the full womanly voice for Act III, when she places herself in the way of the assassin, so that her life may be taken instead of the Duke's. And, finally—apparently purified—there is a return to the little girl voice of the second scene of Act I as she is transported, happily, heavenward.

In all of these voices Miss Sutherland sings with superlative ease, faultless accuracy, and a superior command of ornaments and embellishments. Her high voice is a joy, and her trill—especially at the end of "Caro nome"—enough to make most contemporary singers hide their heads in shame. She sings the part almost precisely as written, though taking the upper octave of any cadence tone on D or E flat (according to convention, if not to Verdi). As for the quartet, she is it.

The difficulty with this reading, however, is that it strikes me as just that—a reading, not yet consolidated into a characterization. In all her three voices, I didn't get a real image of Sutherland's Gilda at all. I heard a little voice in "Caro nome," a bigger one in "Tutte le feste" and a still bigger one in "Si, vendetta," but with the measured increase of sound that comes from turning up a well-designed amplifier rather than the intensification of emotion that comes with greater, quicker intakes of air and the expulsion of them under the stress and tension of the experiences this character is supposed to suffer. To be sure, you don't hear them from the average Gilda either—but Miss Sutherland is far too fine an artist to be measured by any standard but her own. It's very good in many ways, but just too conventional in others.

This is all deplorable, for I don't doubt that Miss Sutherland could perform a much more graphic Gilda, were she impelled to it by a conductor of sufficient impulse. Not only in working with her, but also with MacNeil and Cioni, Sanzogno seems content to go their ways rather than one of his own, inclining almost always to the "comfortable" kind of tempi that leave drama in abeyance. From the first Vivace (on page 55 of the score) on, his fast tempi are almost all scaled down (whether Vivo or Allegro moderato, they are a grade slower), and some of his slow tempi are almost sluggish. Perhaps this is a "pure" tradition of some kind, but to judge from the numbers of accents ignored, that tradition would appear largely of his own doing (and Verdi's undoing).

MacNeil, too, could sing a much more incisive Rigoletto than he delivers here. Voice is no problem for him (except for a place or two in the very last scene where he doesn't articulate a soft passage cleanly), but it is all straightforward, foursquare and, if I may coin a phrase, Anglo-Saxon. Cioni's charming sound shows an advance in discipline since first reported upon from Spoleto in 1959, but he is a petty prince beside such regal exponents of the part as Peerce, Bjoerling, di Stefano, or Tucker, not to mention a Schipa. Yes, Cioni is very young and his career is ahead of him, but he's competing here in a strong league. Stefania Malagu—a name not likely to be forgotten had one heard it before—is an attractive Maddalena.

For those to whom the Sutherland plusses surpass the Sanzogno minuses, the six sides will be found to contain everything in the score, including the tenor's second aria "Possente amor mi chiama," which is frequently omitted. The recording, though broad enough in scale to suit most Verdian tastes, fortunately avoids the excesses of "Un Ballo." The chorus and orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome) are thoroughly good. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Hérold: "Zampa," Auber: "Crown Diamonds," Thomas: "Mignon," "Raymond," Boieldieu: "La Dame Blanche," Adam: "If I Were King," Overtures. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury SR 90247, $5.98.	Before this collection is dismissed as so many chestnuts, let it be noted that even that humble nut may become a delicacy when converted, with proper skill, into *marrons glacés*. This is precisely the kind of transformation achieved by Paray, whose fine orchestra follows every involution of pace and dynamics as if mesmerized. His sense of the suitable here is both elegant and dashing, a combination of traits which are rarely found in any performances of light music, and appreciably more seldom in the Parisian than in the Viennese. A disc to treasure, if merely as a standard of comparison for the limp, or merely mathematical, manner too often promulgated as "good enough" for these splendid works. The recording is almost too big for the acoustical frame (Cass Auditorium).
Holst: "The Planets." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic, with chorus of the Vienna State Opera. London CS 6244, $5.98.	Karajan finds a congenial exercise for his talent for the flamboyant in this score, though some of the more mercurial moments of Mercury, the Winged Messenger, elude him. However, when the sentiment tends to the Wagnerian, as in Venus, Bringer of Peace, he is again in the orbit of these planets. Considering the specially British quality of jollity in such a section as Jupiter, and the dour eloquence of Saturn, Bringer of Old Age, one must conclude that there is more that is idiomatic in the versions of Sargent and Boult. The big recorded sound booms a little in the resonant studio.
Khatchaturian: Concerto. Antonin Jemelik, piano, with the Czech Philharmonic conducted by Alois Klima. Scriabin: Prelude, Opus 9, No. 1, Nocturne, Opus 9, No. 2, and Etude, Opus 8, No. 12. Jemelik. Parliament PLP 164, $1.98.	As a means for demonstrating the strength and precision of the Jemelik fingers (age unknown), this work serves its purpose well: he has strength in abundance, and his marksmanship—so far as a recording is accurate evidence—is up to prevailing standards. However, the work is, ever more, a stupefying bore, whose commonplaces are even more common than the needs of "socialist realism" should require. Wherever possible, as in the last portion of the slow movement, Jemelik provides a softening accent, a lyric impulse; but the opportunities are limited. He plays the Scriabin pieces with an apt appraisal of mood, but his piano sound is a trifle hard, lacking the magic wanted. (The first two pieces are for left hand alone.)
Liszt: Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Sviatoslav Richter, piano, with the London Symphony conducted by Kyril Kondrashin. Philips PHS 900000, $5.98.	The depth and breadth of Richter's pianistic attack are by now familiar sounds to those privileged to hear him "live," but they have rarely been approximated as closely in a recording as they are here. Whether the use of 35 mm. magnetic film or microphone placement was the determinative factor in the quality of the results, the evidence to the ear is that, together, they give richness to the piano sound, sheen to the orchestra. Both sharpen by more than a little the expectations of what these same technicians may do with their opportunity to make the first recordings by Western skills within the USSR. To my taste, Richter has a happier collaboration with Kondrashin than with any prior conductor with whom he has recorded, resulting in performances that are incisive, brilliantly controlled, and nevertheless expressive.
Mozart: Symphony No. 29 in A. Boccherini: Symphony in E flat, Opus 35, No. 2. Rudolf Barshai conducting the Moscow Chamber Orchestra. Artia ALP 185, $4.98.	Despite the title under which it is presented, Barshai's ensemble sounds largish, especially its string section. Or that may be merely a by-product of the hard-hitting, free-swinging treatment in which the conductor indulges. All the technical elements of a good performance of Mozart are available to him, but the emphasis is far too much on execution, and insufficiently on the character and style of the music that is being performed. This emerges as brash and harsh sounding, without suavity or grace. The unfamiliar Boccherini symphony (is there any other kind?) could, conceivably, be an exercise in stylistic charm and period (1782) finesse, but not in this over-bowed, heavily accented performance.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2 in C minor. Moura Lympany, piano, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Preludes, Opus 23, No. 4, and Opus 32, Nos. 5 and 12. Lympany. Angel S 35736, $5.98.	Miss Lympany and the Rachmaninoff No. 2 are hardly strangers to each other, or together, to us. Compared with her earlier recording (HMV-RCA), this one works more within the area of refinement and detail truly hers, with less inclination to a bigness of style not within her reach. Hence it is altogether more unified and congruent, a very good performance, in her own way. Sir Malcolm Sargent's treatment of the orchestral background is drawn to scale, and successfully so. Like the concerto, the preludes are played with discrimination and taste, very well reproduced.
Schoenberg: Concerto, Opus 42. Glenn Gould, piano, with the CBC Symphony conducted by Robert Craft. Mozart: Concerto No. 24 in C minor. The same, Walter Susskind conducting. Columbia MS 6339, $5.98.	Gould and Craft assert the appropriately lugubrious tone in this work while exhibiting its warp and woof of component elements with the skill of men long experienced in clearing haystacks of needles. It is, in short, a model of clarity and finesse, with a substantially higher mark in both respects than could be given a prior version by Alfred Brendel on Vox. The knack of humanizing this expression remains as elusive for one as the other. Gould's Mozart is a good deal more plodding and less rhythmically animated than his Schoenberg, his disposition to the heavy downstroke and the light up being a characteristic more of his own calligraphy than Mozart's. In other words, the even flow and tight control which make for the best Mozart playing tend here to eddies and rapids which blur the depths beneath. Hummel cadenza in movement one, interpolations by Gould in movement two. The annotations are also his own.
Stravinsky: Concerto in D ("Dumbarton Oaks"), Concerto in E flat, "Danses concertantes." English Chamber Orchestra, Colin Davis conducting. Oiseau Lyre SOL 60050, $5.98. Stravinsky: Concerto in D ("Dumbarton Oaks"), Concerto in E flat. Bartok: Divertimento for Strings. Zurich Chamber Orchestra, Edmond de Stoutz conducting. Vanguard VSD 2112, $5.95.	Conductors Davis and de Stoutz derive about equal amounts of interest from the scores they perform in common, which is rather less than the maximum for these sparsely designed pieces. Davis chugs through the "Danses concertantes" in much the same way, bearing down rather heavily on some of its accents, especially as the studio he occupies is a decidedly live one. De Stoutz's Bartok does less for the composer than such other conductors as Fricsay and Silvestri have. On the whole, the all-Stravinsky disc would strike me as possessed of more valid appeal than the Stravinsky-Bartok.
Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet." Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegel." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2565, $5.98.	Wonderful percussion and brazen brass in these reproductions (clearly designed to be something special on the low-fi end), but not much sublety in the musical statement, or the artistic discourse altogether. Munch makes the traditional points in the Tchaikovsky more than dutifully, indeed with a degree of emphasis that suggests effort rather than enthusiasm. Likewise, the "Eulenspiegel" antics, which are scary rather than merely grotesque—in either case, hardly humorful. The nub of it is these performances strike me as hard driven, more by nervous energy than emotion or vitality. But the substance of the recorded sound is impressive. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Quest for Cutouts II: to Limbo and Return

EVEN more discouraging than the apparently conscienceless deletion of interesting, if admittedly not best-selling, records from the catalogues of the major companies is the disappearance *in toto* of some of the adventurous smaller labels. Particularly regretted is the demise of the Concert Hall Society, which offered a recorded repertory which remains largely unduplicated and generally very well played and recorded. Concert Hall, it will be remembered, began shortly before the microgroove era as a subscription series specializing in unfamiliar material; its première recording of "The Four Seasons" with violinist Louis Kaufman and conductor Henry Swoboda did much to precipitate the Vivaldi deluge of the early Fifties.

It was gratifying to learn several months ago that the resourceful Manhattan record shop called The Record Hunter had acquired the masters of about three dozen Concert Hall discs and reissued them on its own "Rarities Collection" label, and that these reissues now are being made available to a few stores in other cities. Since most of the titles are not otherwise available on records now, the project seems worthy of both encouragement and emulation. Pressings, evidently from the original stampers, are excellent, although it must be admitted that the pronounced warpage of many of the discs presents tracking problems with certain types of arms.

All the discs are presented in plain jackets with neither annotation nor individual labeling (the disc label shows through a cutout in the jacket). Jerome Maggid of The Record Hunter explained that his company was unable to obtain the original Concert Hall liner notes, but one would think the texts of the vocal works could have been provided. Prices vary on some discs from store to store, but $2.50 seems to be the top figure, $1.98 the average.

ARRIAGA: *Quartets Nos. 1 in D, 2 in A. Guilet Quartet.* RC 301.

One of the most distinguished records in the entire Concert Hall catalogue was this one of the two remarkably mature quartets composed at the age of sixteen by the "Spanish Mozart" who died at twenty in 1826. Suggestive now and then of Haydn or Schubert, they nevertheless show real individuality and are more rewarding than the available selection of Arriaga's orchestral works. Fine work by the Guilets, and the sound stands up well.

BEETHOVEN: *Quartets for Piano and Strings in E flat, D, and C, Opus 152. Artur Balsam, piano, with members of the Pascal Quartet.* RC 1215.

These agreeable works by the fifteen-year-old Beethoven (the late opus number was, of course, assigned by Grove) seem to be the first compositions for this particular combination of instruments, antedating Mozart's splendid pair by at least a few months. Although the composer chose not to publish them during his lifetime, he drew on them for other early efforts, the slow movement of the C major, for example, turning up in the first piano sonata. Leon Pascal's viola is conspicuously eloquent on this beautifully played and recorded disc, which, like the Arriaga above, has more than mere curiosity value.

BEETHOVEN: *"Christus am Oelberg," Opus 85. Margit Opawsky, soprano, Radko Delorco, tenor, Walter Berry, bass, with Henry Swoboda conducting the Vienna Kammerchor and Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* RC 1135.

The "Hallelujah" chorus is all we are likely to hear of "Christ on the Mount of Olives," Beethoven's only oratorio, of which no other complete recording has been issued, to my knowledge. Despite an obtrusive pre-echo and the absence of a German *or* English text, one must welcome this sturdy presentation of a virtually unknown large-scale Beethoven opus.

DITTERSDORF: *Symphony in F minor. Clemens Dahinden conducting the Winterthur Symphony Orchestra. Symphony in E flat. Dahinden conducting the Radio Zürich Orchestra.* RC 1227.

The two Dittersdorf pieces remaining in the Schwann catalogue are far less engaging than these two ingratiating symphonies, well worth investigating. The F minor, an early bit of program music subtitled "The Rescue of Andromeda by Perseus," features some lovely oboe playing by Egon Parolari.

DVORAK: *Overtures, "In der Natur," Opus 91, "Carnaval," Opus 92, "Othello," Opus 93; Notturno for Strings, Opus 40. Henry Swoboda conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* RC 1141.

Dvorak's three overtures form a triptych the composer called "Nature, Life and Love," of which this is the only integral recording. It is, in fact, the only recording now of the glorious, inexplicably neglected "In Nature's Realm" and the glowing "Notturno." An obvious labor of love on the part of the conductor, with first-rate playing from the orchestra and brilliant mono sound belying its 1951 origin. Even "Carnaval," the only familiar item on the disc, is a match for most current versions—a superior production all around.

HUMMEL: *Piano Concerto in A minor, Opus 85. Artur Balsam, piano, with Otto Ackermann conducting the Winterthur Symphony Orchestra;* CLEMENTI: *Sonata in B minor, Opus 40, No. 2. Balsam, piano.* RC 1241.

Balsam's brilliant pianism on this disc whetted the appetite for more Clementi even before the famous Horowitz record, but it was the Hummel that made it one of the most sought-after items in the Concert Hall catalogue. Though once represented by a quartet and a septet, Hummel's name appears on records now only as that of a composer of cadenzas for Mozart concerti. His own concerto is a sweeping, early-romantic affair, by no means important, but hard to resist.

Among the other Concert Hall reissues, one notes Norman Dello Joio's "Psalm of David," Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" music (really complete, including the four sections omitted by Beecham), some Handel cantatas, and some *sinfonie* and concerti by Alessandro Scarlatti. One may hope such items as Vaughan Williams's "Flos Campi," the Mozart piano concerti after J. C. Bach (K. 107), and Raya Garbousova's recording of the Grieg Cello Sonata will soon be added to the list.

—RICHARD FREED.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II—MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Komm, süsser Tod," "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," Partita in B flat, etc. Laurindo Almeida, guitar, with Virginia Majewski, viola, and Vincent de Rosa, French horn. Capitol SP 8582, $5.98.	With or without respect for the arrangements utilizing the other instruments, Almeida doesn't have the variety of nuance or the command of tone colors to make his guitar playing a basic element in listening to these works of Bach. That is especially true in the Partita in which de Rosa labors diligently but at long odds against success in playing the "melody line" of the six movements. In the faster ones, they are distorted by his efforts to render trills and other ornaments on an instrument not meant for them. The viola's use (in several movements from violin partitas as well as the chorale preludes) is more considerate, but the sounds tends to be doleful. Good recording.
Bach: Sonatas in B minor, A, E, C minor, F minor and G. Robert Gerle, violin, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. Decca 2-DXS 7168, $11.96.	This is the kind of Bach playing that has convinced generations of musical amateurs that they "don't like Bach." All the notes are performed on time and in tune, but with a lack of warmth or expressivity that could hardly be other than a calculated preference. Something of a warning is sounded by the very first note of the violin—a long held F sharp (on the E string, probably) which has the piercing timbre of the clarinet rather than the sonority of a Stradivarius, as Gerle's instrument is identified. Both performers can be given honors for technical command of their instruments, but I find little suggestion of vibrato in Gerle's tone and comparably little variation in Fuller's harpsichord. These may be valid stylistic preferences, but they make for dull listening when nuance, color or textual illumination are minimal. The plunk-plunk of Fuller's bright harpsichord is intensified by the empty hall sound of the recording space.
Beethoven: Sonatas in C sharp minor (Opus 27, No. 2), in E flat (Opus 81a), and in D minor (Opus 31, No. 2) Guiomar Novaes, piano. Vox PL 11290, $4.98.	Originally issued in the early Fifties, these performances betray no trace of age either in the soundness and appeal of Novaes's artistry or in the justice of the reproduction. Perhaps a degree of ring or spread that could be expected in stereo is lacking, but the quality of interpretive excellence is more than self-justifying. However, it should be noted that by my sense of pitch all the performances come out a semi-tone high. As the tempi are not noticeably affected, it may be assumed that the instrument used by Mme. Novaes is implicated. For those not blessed (or burdened) by absolute pitch, the difference would not be disturbing.
Berg: Quartet, Opus 3. Kohon Quartet. Schoenberg: Quartet, Opus 10. Ramor Quartet. Vox STDL 500730, $5.98.	Both performing groups are thoroughly qualified for their tasks, a discovery particularly worth noting about the ensemble led by Harold Kohon, and noted "of New York University." He and his associates (Raymond Kunicki, violin, Bernard Zaslav, viola, and Ray Schweitzer, cello) command the razor-sharp intonation and the precise rhythmic control to give Berg's patterns their due in both indispensable respects. The outcome gives this absorbing work a shape and definition it does not always possess. Schoenberg's Mahlerish work of 1907 is also brilliantly performed by the Ramor ensemble (contrary to the listing Erwin Ramor is the first violinist and Andreas Sandor is the violist). Maria Theresia Escribano measures well to the requirements for the soprano who declaims the texts of Stefan George of the third ("Litanei") and fourth ("Entrückung") movements. Both works are admirably reproduced.
Brahms: Opus 76, Nos. 1-8; Opus 79, Nos. 1 and 2; Opus 116, Nos. 1-7; Opus 117, Nos. 1-3; Opus 118, Nos. 1-6; Opus 119, Nos. 1-4. Miklos Schwalb, piano. Golden Crest 4041, $4.98.	The scope of Schwalb's enterprise is readily apparent from the listing to the left: The performance of the broad range of Brahms's shorter piano pieces (omitting those of Opera 4, 9, 10, 21, and 24). The ability to deal equally with thirty or so products of Brahms's imagination and erudition is not a common capacity, and Schwalb is not to that extent uncommon. He is more musician than virtuoso, rarely erring in taste or scholarship, but sometimes in the accurate execution of the texts (including such a much-played piece as the G minor Rhapsody). Where he leaves more to be desired is in the distinctions of moods and humors that make Opus 76, No. 5, another kind of piece from Opus 76, No. 6. Or to put it more directly: in the expressive power to keep the attention occupied in his progression from one work to another. I do not hear much sonorous personality in his tone, and the reproduction of it is also ordinary.
Debussy: "Petite Suite." Chabrier: "Trois valses romantiques." Satie: "Trois morceaux en forme de poire." Fauré: "Dolly." Robert and Gaby Casadesus, piano. Columbia MS 6323, $5.98.	If this disc suggests, somewhat extravagantly, how the Casadesi might entertain guests at home of an evening, it suggests in very practical fashion how they can entertain anyone in his own home of an evening, at will. The material, it need hardly be noted, is time tested and guaranteed to please, including such works as the Satie (which may not be known to everyone from its previous recording by these players) and the Chabrier. In short, this is a musical pleasure of a sophisticated kind—basically simple and yet wrought of subtly interrelated materials. Performances are full of feeling as well as artistry.
Kelemen: Etudes Contrapuntiques. Castiglioni: "Tropi." Fellegara: Serenata. Yun: Music for Seven Instruments. The Hamburger Kammersolisten conducted by Francis Travis. Time S 8066, $5.98.	There is very little in the pieces of these abstractionists which hasn't been heard before in one context or another, though Milko Kelemen of Zagreb imparts something more than mere discipline to his Etudes Contrapuntiques. What is worthy of mention, however, is the exceptional clarity and precision of the playing under Travis, a native of Detroit who has also studied with Hindemith and Scherchen. To judge from these performances by Bernhard Hamann and Fritz Köhnsen, violins; Ernst Doberitz, viola; Siegfried Palm, cello; Gerhard Otto, flute; Rudolf Irmisch, clarinet; Werner Diestel, bass clarinet; Hans Priegnitz, piano; and Robert Hinze, percussion, he has an exceptional ear and a highly developed sense of instrumental values. The reproduction is also excellent.
Schubert: Grand Duo. Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, pianists. Columbia MS 6317, $5.98.	If the current Schwann listing is reliable, this is the only version now in print of this magnificent work whose richness of idea and expanse of execution is unique among works for four hands on one keyboard. Thus there is every reason to be grateful to the musicianship of Gold and Fizdale for access to a work whose absence would sadly deplete their repertory. However, for my taste in Schubert, the tonal style is a little too dry, the vibratory capacity of the instrument too much suppressed for best interest of the music. And when they come to a movement like the finale, in which the Schubertian build-up proceeds in blocks and sections, they tend to pile one effect on the other, mechanically, rather than organizing them into a consecutive whole. Very good piano reproduction.
Telemann: Sonata (E minor). Beethoven: Allegro and Minuet (1792). Kuhlau: Duet, Opus 80, No. 2. Julius Baker and Jean-Pierre Rampal, flutes. Washington WR 442, $4.98.	As in the instance of some other famous duos—Oistrakh and Stern, for example—I wouldn't like to take an oath as to which player is which, though I would opine that Baker's is the more silvery, substantial sound of the two. However, this veritable identity of quality is the best kind of testimony to the even balance of effort throughout, the similarity of viewpoint that prevails in the work of these two artists. As to the repertory: it is most absorbing in the Telemann, thoroughly agreeable in the Beethoven of the Bonn period, and least familiar in the imaginative work of Kuhlau (born in 1786, died in 1832, and not to be confused with the earlier Kuhnau). The Haydn may or may not be by Franz Josef, though it is the kind of anonymous work that would neither add to nor detract from his repute. Excellent reproduction: absolute in balance, faultless in the fidelity to I.K.

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The Italian Handel

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

BOTH the minor and the very early works of Handel are full of surprises, of delights that cannot be foreseen, of touching and of dramatic moments that sound much too modern for a contemporary of Bach, of melodies and accompaniments that will turn up later, changed or unchanged, in the major works. One must not, of course, listen to the solo cantatas in the expectation of encountering the grand baroque designs of the operas and oratorios, but they most often will prove able to supply the listener with a wealth of secondary pleasures.

London now has issued a stereophonic Oiseau-Lyre record (SOL 60046, $5.98) containing two cantatas in honor of St. Cecilia which appear to have come down to us incomplete—"Splenda l'alba in oriente" and "Carco sempre di gloria"—and one that we have complete, the very human "Tu fedel? tu costante?" They have been superbly recorded in vivid performances by the English Chamber Orchestra conducted from the harpsichord, with all the requisite Handelian vivacity and tenderness, by Raymond Leppard. The solo is taken by the contralto Helen Watts. The fragmentary cantatas each consist of one recitative and two arias, and remain minor minor works. But "Tu fedel? tu costante?" is a monodrama of force and great attractiveness. The protagonist accuses her lover of unfaithfulness, names three of his many other loves, and flatly calls him a liar. Handel's genius for drama reigns. Miss Watts has a rich, handsome voice and true musicality, but tends to monotony of attack and tone color. Still, she spoils nothing, and Mr. Leppard is so apt a Handelian that the pervasive result is very pleasurable. There are reasonably informative notes on the sleeve, but no text in either Italian or English, which is a deprivation that should not be imposed upon the buyer.

In a different category is "La Resurrezione" as issued on two stereophonic LPs by Vox (SVUX 52012, $5.95). The performance is by five vocal soloists and the Santini Kammerchor and Kammerorchester of Münster, conducted by Rudolf Ewerhart. Here many things went wrong. First, the hall in which the recording was taped echoes and deadens the music. The singers generally sound like Germans pronouncing Italian, a fact that compounds Vox's negligence in not supplying any version of the text sung. Then, two unforgivable bad breaks between record sides separate recitatives from their arias. (This is especially damaging when two flutes and viola da gamba barely have time to establish the winning pastoral atmosphere of the recitative "Notte funesta" before the changer clicks and the spell is broken. Surely these few grooves could have been transferred to the beginning of the next side, so that the full effect of the charming "Ferma l'ali" would not have lost its introduction.)

Last, and worst, Rudolf Ewerhart seems to respond very solemnly to the text, giving us a straight-faced oratorio interpretation—whereas the music is, again (as Winton Dean has said) "pure opera." He even fails to hold his instrumental and vocal forces together. Arcangelo Corelli is said to have led a forty-one-piece orchestra in the first performance of "La Resurrezione" at Prince Ruspoli's palace in Rome in 1608, and the instrumentation is notably rich and supple, though one could scarcely surmise that richness from Mr. Ewerhart's conducting. And yet, better this version of "La Resurrezione" than none, for this is Handel at nearly his most brightly dramatic (he was able to transfer one of the arias to his opera "Agrippina" without changing a word or a note). It has (to quote Mr. Dean further) "a cast headed by a Lucifer who mentions the Eumenides, a Mary Magdalene who is a born prima donna (the Pope admonished Prince Ruspoli for allowing a female singer to impersonate her), and a St. John who opens Part II with one of Handel's several exquisite descriptions of a sunrise. . . ." A more idiomatic performance of "La Resurrezione" certainly is to be hoped for, but no true admirer of Handel will wait for its appearance to acquaint himself with the manifold beauties that even a misguided performance cannot half conceal.

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Ivan Susanin or a Life for the Tsar

By VICTOR SEROFF

"IVAN SUSANIN" as recorded at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow (Artia 4-MK 216D) and "A Life for the Tsar" as performed in Paris (Capitol 3-GCR 7163) are one and the same opera by Michael Glinka. The difference in the titles arose when after the Revolution the opera was rechristened in Soviet Russia by the name of the hero, Ivan Susanin—the Russian peasant who saved the Tsar's life (1613) by sacrificing his own. Actually, this was the title Glinka originally gave his opera. However, when the general dress rehearsal for the first performance was attended by the Tsar, Glinka, to please his sovereign, called the work "A Life for the Tsar," and under this title it continued to be known.

The complete opera in four acts and an Epilogue is presented on the Russian recording with the chorus of the Bolshoi conducted by Boris Khaikin, and I. Petrov (basso), V. Firsova (soprano), and N. Gres (tenor) in the leading roles, while the Capitol offers a performance, also in Russian, by an assembled group: Boris Christoff (basso), Nicolai Gedda (tenor), and Teresa Stich-Randall (soprano), supported by the singers and chorus of the Belgrade Opera, and the orchestra of the Concerts Lamoureux led by Igor Markevitch. Needless to say, both performances are in traditional style, and only a prejudiced listener would give preference to the Bolshoi rendition; he might say that the Bolshoi orchestra is richer in sound and the chorus unsurpassed.

Actually, however, the Lamoureux ensemble is much finer and more elegant in sound and the Yugoslav chorus does just as well as the famed Bolshoi. But when it comes to comparing the leading singers, then there is no question that Boris Christoff as Susanin is more impressive than his counterpart Ivan Petrov. Petrov is an excellent basso but he sings like so many other good bassos, while Christoff's personality is felt from his first phrase. Whether or not his singing is reminiscent of Chaliapin's is a question which will always be brought up, but the fact remains that this particular way of phrasing has become so personal that Christoff can be instantly recognized. He excels in the dramatic roles of Russian operas such as "Boris Godunov," "Khovantchina," and "Prince Igor," and one certainly feels this in his vivid portrayal of Susanin.

It is well-known that Russian tenors have their own technique of singing—referred to as *voce bianca* in the Western world. The timbre of their voice is much lighter, perhaps much sunnier, but to the Western ear it sounds a bit folksy. Nicolai Gedda, whose voice had an excellent "European" training, apparently can sing *à la Russe* when it suits the part—Bogdan Sabinin, a soldier who is betrothed to Antonida, Susanin's daughter. Gedda would seem to be slowly gaining in personality as well.

TERESA Stich-Randall in the taxing role of Antonida is certainly as good as, if not better than, Firsova. And finally, Igor Markevitch shows that he is capable of conducting Russian music as well as any Moscovite. There is a slight difference in interpretation of the purely orchestral numbers, the Polonaise, Cracoviac, Pas de Quatre, and Mazurka in the second act. One receives the impression that the Bolshoi orchestra is accompanying dancers on a stage, while Markevitch is giving more of a concert performance of these dances.

Until the nineteenth century Russia had no symphonic music of her own to speak of. Although opera had already been introduced during the reign of Catherine the Great, it was brought by the foreign artists, mostly French and Italian, who were imported into Russia. But in the abundance of her folksongs Russia has no rival. "Name me the land that has more songs than Russia," Gogol said. Every known emotion is mirrored in its songs. From the White Sea to the shores of the Caspian and the foothills of Tibet, from the Polish border to the Siberian Taiga, the Russian people sang their songs in solo, in chorus, or accompanied by musical instruments. They sang as they went to war, or to exile. Michael Glinka (born in 1804) was the first to realize the immense wealth which lay here untouched.

Mostly self-taught, Glinka composed songs and small piano pieces, usually inspired, like the romantic he was, by the young woman with whom he was currently in love. Then, in 1830, at the age of twenty-six, he went to Italy, both for his health and because he wanted to study music with Italian masters. However, he lacked the curiosity and above all the inner drive to master even the technical skill to express himself, and after three years there, he would have returned home empty handed had he not spent most of his time attending the Italian opera.

Far away from home, seeing his own people in perspective, Glinka perhaps understood them better, understood their spirit more clearly, and the potentialities of the Russian songs he heard at home. He decided to write a piece for the theatre, but a piece that would be purely Russian both in subject and in music. Thus, on Italian soil, at the beginning of 1832, there was born to Michael Glinka the idea of national Russian music.

Upon his return he confided his idea to his friends, a group of leading poets and writers of that time: Zhukovsky, Pushkin, Vyasemsky, and Gogol, and it was Zhukovsky who suggested a story from Russian history—the story of Ivan Susanin who had saved the life of the first Romanov Tsar, Michael, by misleading a group of Polish soldiers who were to abduct the ruler and thus win the war.

The première of the opera (December 9, 1836) was a brilliant social affair, and although it survived thirty-two performances, the reaction of the aristocratic audience was negative. The retarded development of Russian national music was due to the feudal structure of the Russian state, in which art development was entirely controlled by the upper classes, and their verdict was decisive. These still preferred to speak a foreign language and dismissed this first attempt in their own national music with a shrug and a suggestion that it belonged to the stables and the barns of a *mujhik*.

THIS criticism perhaps was a bit too harsh, though it is true that in his first experiment Glinka did not succeed so fully in bringing out the true national character in Russian music as did his later followers: Borodin, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Shostakovich. He was still under the Italian influence and did not know enough to substitute German with purely Russian harmonization. It is baffling that with his scant knowledge he composed a work of major magnitude. Nothing less than genius could have done it. And despite its defects this opera will always remain historically important. Just as the Russian writers used to say that they all come from Gogol's "Cloak," so the Russian composers could say they have all come from Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar."

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THE AMEN CORNER

A Communication

THERE is evidence to suggest that the shade of Henry James passed by this department the other afternoon and left upon the desk something that, if it may be credited at all, is in all likelihood his only written comment on the subject of jazz music. For a number of reasons, I feel that it deserves quoting in its entirety:

"My dear Wilder Hobson,

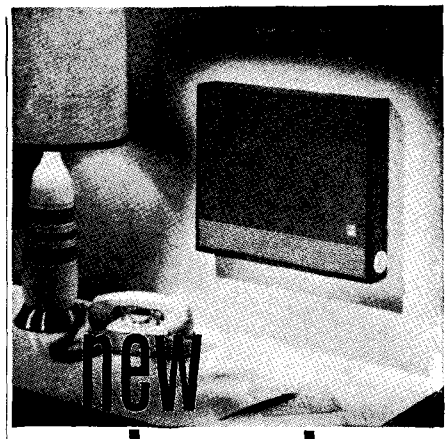
I am indeed hard put to it to descry what you may make of these timid, in all truth vertiginous, notes upon a topic so seemingly remote from my wraithlike apperceptions, and at the same time so immediate to the quick of your own sensibilities, so 'hot' or, for that matter, seraphically 'cool' in the varying climate of your pleasures. I have not been enabled to take the full measure of, for lovely example, Jelly Roll Morton, which is partly to acknowledge that I was resident in Rye during the hours of his crescent glow, and still more meaningfully to urge that my present status in the ambience of the arts, as of life itself, is not such as to assure me the operation, let alone the wondrous, continued benefactions, of what in the autumn of my English sojourn was known as—I prefer the old, encrusted names—a gramophone or grafonola. There is also the consideration that in the few entranced moments in which I am able to find my way into mundane music rooms, the collections of the households otherwise most congenial to me are apt to provide Handel rather than Wingy Mannone.

"Old and treasured companions reencountered, how eagerly, in my new paradisiacal dispensation have not scrupled to tell me that in their view my prose is still of the 'darkest.' And yet I continue to suppose that there are illuminations not to be obtained without venturing toward the penumbra. . . .

"For what comes out to me now, what fairly asseverates itself in the after echo of certain beglamored hours with the thrilling, brazen throats and dancing valves of Armstrong and Hawkins and countless other names all too obscure in the fleet passage of their improvisation, is the gratifying, the enlivening, the positively 'sending' fact that the art of syncopation is but another of the many ravishing moods of Euterpe. I have but lately, and how gratefully, arrived at the perception, in it, of the dancing of her veils, the sinuous trembling of her form, the very ardor and mystery of her eyes and lips. It breaks through to me presently, it breaks through and seizes and all so delightfully holds my comprehension, that I could not in the golden days in Rye and Cambridge and the elder Newport have hoped to recognize this particular blush and pulse of the muse. But then, those embowered scenes of my past deprived me, as with a verdant blindfolding, of many vistas which, in the expansions of my present state, I have come to cherish and explore.

"You will wonder, perhaps, how far my new pleasures have permeated. I will confess that I felt a certain trepidation, possibly a remnant of gentilities long since foregone, upon the discovery that a proper description of my new enthusiasm might credit me, all too doubtfully, with the quality of 'funk.' To illustrate my leanings and bring these marginalia to a close, I will say that I have recently been captured by the zest and ornate fancy of a group of players offering themselves under the cabalistic title 'Elvin!' This term, I think you will agree, has connotations of the sylvan, the droll, the miniature and magical. It develops, however, that the syllables Elvin, when followed by the name Jones, signify a percussionist of the rarest pertinence, and that he is joined in this recording by two brothers: Thaddeus, a trumpeter of Italianate fluency and piquant invention, and Hank—I presume a rustic contraction—a most limpid and propulsive pianist. I may say, as one who has endured a good many cordial asperities from my own brother William, that the Jones *frères* sustain a most happy accord in conception and in spirit. Moreover, a remarkable flutist, Frank Wess, plays quite as though bred among the Joneses, and there are delectable contributions from the tenor saxophonist, Frank Foster, and the bassist, Art Davis. In the art of fiction, as I long ago suggested, we have the *donnée*—the germinal scene or idea—from which the artist elaborates all else. It is so with the spontaneities of jazz. I cannot pretend that the edifice of 'Elvin!' is as noble and many-chambered as my 'Wings of the Dove.' But it is a charming array of little florescent pavilions dedicated to that muse of whom we have been speaking. It is catalogued as Riverside RLP 409.

Faithfully yours,
Henry James"
—WILDER HOBSON.



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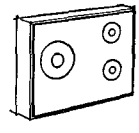

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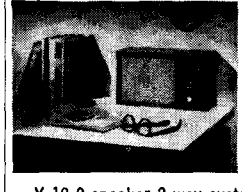

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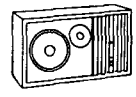

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Buying a Tape Recorder

By HARLAN THOMPSON

THE HOME tape recorder field, like Caesar's Gaul, is divided into three parts. If they could be considered sociologically, these segments would consist of (1) the elite or upper-class recorders, (2) the middle-class models, and (3) the working-class machines. They differ from each other in (a) performance, (b) versatility, and last but not least (c) price. If you're buying one, you should know (I) just what you want it to do, (II) how strong is that desire, and (III) whether you can afford to get one that will do it.

If your heart is set on a recorder that will give you *truly* high fidelity; one that will record and play back both stereo and monophonic programs indistinguishable from the original source; one which will produce four-track tapes as good as two-track jobs, then you are not going to be let off for very much under $500. But tapewise, as they say on Madison, you will belong on Park or Fifth.

The middle-class models hover around $295, sometimes a bit more, sometimes somewhat less. For this amount you can get preserved sound that will please the great majority of users. There may be a few things that the machine can't do. There may be some dissatisfaction with its slower or slowest speed, but in general you will find no major cause for complaints.

The mass market, as might be expected, is found in what we are calling the "working-class" units. The price by now has come down to about $150. A favorite figure—in deference to the bargain hunters—is $149.95. Sound reproduction by these machines is about what you get from a new LP record; only the record will get scratchy with use. The tapes won't, no matter how many times they are played. That is one of the reasons for the growing popularity of recorders.

Many recorders in this last category can be picked up for considerably less than list price at discount houses, when a certain model is being discontinued, or when a manufacturer is overstocked. It is well to be cautious about such markdowns, however. There may be a good (or rather bad) reason for the oversupply.

Perhaps a fourth class should be added to complete the picture. It would consist of machines suitable for those with a desire to tape baby's first words; beer drinkers singing around the piano; little Mary's recitation when graduating from the third grade; or that sure-fire laugh getter, what a hidden microphone hears when an unsuspecting couple is having a particularly private conversation over on the sofa. Most anything that runs will do for this, and a careful search will turn up devices for as little as $50.

The principal reason for tape is the high quality of sound it affords—a quality that does not diminish with repeated playings. There are many who, on buying a favorite record, play it once to clean out the grooves and on the second playing commit it to tape. Putting the record away for safe keeping is rather like a lady's leaving her diamonds in the bank vault and wearing paste replicas to the opera—except that in this case the replica is about as brilliant as the original.

The presence of so much fine music on the air is largely responsible for the present recorder boom. This is particularly true now that more and more FM radio stations are broadcasting more and more programs in stereo multiplex. Now that both tracks, in FM, can be equally excellent, the building of a stereo library need only be limited by time, perseverance, and the cost of raw tape.

From a strictly legal standpoint it is probably an invasion of copyright to take recordings off the air; but since there is no control of such broadcasts for profit, there surely should be none when they are preserved for private use.

For those searching for top quality, some facts should be borne in mind. It is no easy matter to produce a machine in the $500 price range that will measure up to what the highly discriminating customer demands. The professional units used by radio networks and phonograph companies cost up into the thousands. In the opinion of those whose business is servicing, not selling, recorders, the ones without any deficiencies whatever can be counted on one hand, even if a finger or two are missing. Among this select group is a brand new model being put out by one of the industry's most famous companies to replace a machine that turned out to be sadly lacking in one important function (elimination of cross-talk).

When prerecorded tapes went from

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two tracks to four in order to get twice as much on a reel and thus become more competitive with LP records, the recorder manufacturers had to follow suit. This presented several difficulties. One was the matter of cross-talk, which is professional jargon to describe what happens when sound from one track gets mixed up with the sound from the track next to it. With four separate tracks on a one-quarter-inch width of tape they can't be very separate. It takes the utmost precision in making the recording and playback heads, as well as regulating the movement of the tape, to eliminate this problem.

THERE are even greater difficulties when it comes to tape speed. In the early days of magnetic recording, first-class results required a tape speed of fifteen inches per second. Professional recorders still do. Later, however, improvements made it possible to reduce the speed to seven and one-half inches. Still later machines were brought out with a second speed of three and three-quarters i.p.s., and there are even some now with a third speed of one and seven-eighths inches. Each reduction in speed diminishes the machine's range of sound and increases its "wow" and "flutter."

Except for wishful thinking by some manufacturers, it is generally agreed that three and three-quarters inches is not fast enough for flawless recording of music, particularly the sound of piano, harpsichord, open strings, and sustained notes from the woodwinds. For that reason prerecorded tapes are made at seven and one-half inches, much as the manufacturers would like to use a slower speed. Cross-talk between their tracks, however, is no bother.

Where some prerecorded tapes are weak, though, is in a lack of response at the high end. This is because they are dubbed from a master tape at sixty inches per second to achieve quantity production. At this speed the supersonic bias should be in the neighborhood of 300,000 cycles per second. This is a pretty exclusive neighborhood. Supersonic bias is the high-frequency modulation that stirs up the tape's ferrous oxide molecules into such a state of acquiescence that they obediently form magnetic striations under the guidance of the master tape. Without it there wouldn't be any magnetic recording.

Both the upper- and middle-class recorders can turn out tapes superior to most prerecorded ones because they are operated at normal speed. There is no cause to denigrate the middle-class family of recorders. At approximately $295 the choicer members of this group do an excellent job. A majority of them are of the portable type and come equipped with amplifiers and speakers. Although described as "stereo" (as what isn't these days?), their speakers are usually so close together that the three-dimensional sound effect is more in the eyes of the brochure reader than in the ears of the listener.

Some companies, too, put out what are known as "tape decks." These have no provision for recording. They are simply a means of playing tapes (that have already been recorded) through a home audio system. Since their price is well below that of a complete unit, they save the purchaser money in the beginning. In time, though, the extra cost of ready-made tapes over raw stock will far surpass this saving. But many people are just not interested in recording on their own.

The number of perfectly satisfactory makes in the middle-class group probably is no more than a dozen; whereas in the $150 class two or three times that many can meet its less-exacting specifications. Here is the real mass market for recorders. Many in this price range are definitely good. Some are definitely bad—or will become so after not too long a time. Therefore the best thing for a prospective buyer to do is listen to various brands and decide which meet his requirements. He also should insist that a musical program be taken off the air or from a record on the machine he intends to buy. If he plans to use one or more microphones he should try them out, too. Hearing is believing.

In all the categories mentioned there will be found a large percentage of foreign-built units. Many are Japanese, although Germany and other European countries also are represented. Some Japanese machines appear under their manufacturer's label, but others with good old Anglo-Saxon names come all the way from Nippon. In general they compare very favorably with the American product and have an advantage in cost because labor and materials are cheaper across the Pacific. The same may be said of the Atlantic.

An added feature on some recorders is a device which reverses the tape at the end of the reel and plays it back in the opposite direction. This is a real convenience as it doubles the time the machine will operate without attention and makes longer continuous programs possible. It should not raise the cost to any great extent.

Even if you have no present intention of recording in stereo, try to get a recorder that will handle it or that can be adapted to it later. Stereo is doing to monophonic sound what LPs did to the late 78s. Tape is the ideal medium for stereo. Forethought now is better than frustration later.

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Klemperer In, Graf Out

ZURICH.

THIS year's International Festival in Zurich did not have a happy beginning. And there was good reason for the local newspapers to publish long articles of apology and for the good citizens of this city to feel ashamed of what had happened. Otto Klemperer, the old master of the German repertory, was scheduled to open the Festival with a performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio." During the last season he had conducted four performances of this work with great success. It seems, however, that his relations with the orchestra men, particularly during the rehearsals, were far from cordial. As often happens in similar disputes between the leader and the orchestra, Klemperer claimed that he had only one desire and that was to help his men do their best, while they (the orchestra men) complained that he did not go about it in a gentlemanly way. The net result of this unduly prolonged dispute was that when the time came for them to get ready for the opening night, the orchestra men agreed to play at the performance but refused to have a single rehearsal. Klemperer declined to conduct under this condition, and the Festival was left without the first performance.

Perhaps to show their indignation, the local radio broadcast the recorded performance of "Fidelio" which Klemperer did in England, and during the following days a long controversy ensued in the newspapers. Rafael Kubelik, the conductor of the symphony orchestra in Lucerne, out of sympathy with Klemperer, canceled his forthcoming appearance with the orchestra, and a few days later when Klemperer conducted the visting London Symphony Orchestra in Zurich he was given an ovation.

This should have been a purely local "Affaire Klemperer," but two days ago Herbert Graf, the director of the Zurich opera house, resigned. And this is a great pity, for it might affect many young American singers who have found here an oasis for their activities. During the past few years Herbert Graf has given them more than an occasional opportunity to sing before large and sometimes international audiences. It was due to him that throughout the year auditions were held and the chosen artists were given contracts for two to three years—thus making them permanent members of the Zurich opera. This offered them a decent living and the right to accept engagements elsewhere as long as the dates did not conflict with the regular program of the Zurich opera. At least fifteen American singers have been permanent members of the company, among them Virginia Gordoni, who as Virginia Copeland, sang in Menotti's "Bleecker Street" in New York; Regina Sarfaty; James Pease; and James McCracken. For some of these musicians the Zurich opera has already served as a springboard for other European opera houses, and James McCracken, the young tenor, has been engaged to reappear at the Metropolitan (from whence he came as a *comprimario*) to sing the title role in "Otello."

But to return to Herbert Graf. He has done so much for the Zurich opera that the Swiss still hope that he may be persuaded to remain "at his post."

—VICTOR SEROFF.

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

PARKER AND THE UKRAINIANS

THIS IS in reference to your article [*SR*, Apr. 28] on the Ukrainian Dance Company which is currently making a tour of the U.S.

Humor and pathos abounded in the extravagant performance of the rich Ukrainian folklore. Cheerful young people danced their hearts out performing unbelievable tricks in the Cossack dances and the Hopak. This most certainly presented the character of a nation, but only one side of it. For like the two-faced Janus, the Ukrainian character is twofold. On one side is a humorous face; on the other a lugubrious visage. This face is looking at a weeping Ukraine, at a blood-stained embroidered shirt, at a colossal common grave, at Red-Army units patrolling Kiev, at priests performing their duties in veritable catacombs, and at the big Russian Bear stamping out any resistance to Russian Communism.

Such has been the picture in the Ukraine for many centuries, except for a few glimmering periods of freedom. The idea of dominating the whole world came into the Russian mind centuries ago, not with the advent of Communism, and the Ukraine happened to be the first victim.

The article in your magazine portrayed most vividly the striving of the Ukrainian people for their national assertion. It is evident that any jazz band we send over to the Soviet Union will not perform as artistically as did these danseurs-extraordinaires.

W. BASLADYNKY.

Midpark, O.

RICHTER'S ALLEGRETTO

IN REFERENCE to the review of Sviatoslav Richter's performance of Beethoven's D minor Sonata [*SR*, May 26], I would like to suggest a look at the score itself. Beethoven marked "Allegretto" at the beginning of the last movement, presumably because he meant allegretto. Pianists have grandly ignored this in recent years (even Artur Schnabel) and have indeed played it as a "whirlwind moto perpetuo" (to quote again from what must be one of the worst sets of jacket notes that has come my way), but I think that it works out much better Beethoven's way. Richter brings a great many things to the surface that are usually buried under the galloping (for once the downward chromatic scale in the coda has sufficient weight), and shows the movement to be much more varied in emotional content than most pianists would have us believe. Just be-

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cause Beethoven told Schindler to read Shakespeare's "Tempest" in order to get rid of him when Schindler questioned Beethoven about the work is no reason why reviewers should expect every pianist to turn the Sonata into a miniature "Appassionata."

BENJAMIN FOLKMAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Allegretto" is one of the most debatable terminologies in music. The matter is one of emphasis, not speed alone.*

MORE ABOUT ROLLS

UNTIL the article "From Shadow to Substance" [*SR*, May 26], came along, I had considered myself unique in believing that the reproducing piano (as distinct from the ordinary player, a sort of bad musical joke) produces a higher degree of realism in the reproduction of piano music than does the best modern phonograph equipment. Now I find that there are others who apparently are of similar opinion. You speak of them as "multitudes of comrades-in-obsession," so that—even if this is hyperbole—I feel rather left out because I have not, in years of making inquiries, managed to turn up even one such person. I had thought that thirty years of listening to a Welte-Mignon banging away had warped my judgment and that I was severely alone in holding such a nonconformist opinion.

My purpose in writing, of course, is to ask if you will supply me with just sufficient information so that I can establish contact with the enthusiasts specifically mentioned in your article.

There is much that I would like to say and ask about this subject, but will confine myself to remarking that it is indeed a trance-like experience to be present in the same room with a reproducing piano, particularly if the keys are in motion. The most realistic effect is to listen from an adjoining room, and under these circumstances I claim the fidelity is superior to that of the most modern phonograph.

I have been following Jan Holcman's contributions to *Saturday Review* for many years and take this opportunity to express my appreciation for many hours of enjoyable and profitable reading.

F. WELTY.

Aiken, S.C.

THE BACH "DOUBLE"

I NOTE [*SR*, Apr. 28] a letter from Edward Hill of Ocean Grove, N. J., suggesting, with "H.S.D.," a reissue of the Kreisler-Zimbalist recording of the Bach Concerto for Two Violins. As a benefit for the Musicians Emergency Fund, I am heartily in favor of such a reissue in memory of Mr. Kreisler, and I hope RCA Victor will do it. But with all due respect to Messrs. Kreisler and Zimbalist, I should like to tell you of a recording of it that I have on an imported English Columbia label by Anton and Alma Rosengren Witik and an unidentified string orchestra, made in approximately the same period, which in interpretation, spirit, and sound is far superior.

BURTON MALLORY.

New York, N. Y.

The Taste for Anarchy

Continued from page 12

the great art of the last 200 years, and for the provision of a climate in which art exists, matters, and has a social function.

One of the tendencies of the new accommodation is to disregard the claims that art must make on a society which is to find it of real use. For the artist who is committed to anarchy cannot believe in art as a central mode of human understanding, a mode comparable to religion when that gave a full account of the universe. Art in this sense requires not simply the existence of artists; it is based on a social compact, and it grows from the notion that civilization matters and that its products will survive. Yet there is no doubt that the liberal notion that artists are the antennae of the race, as Pound put it, has turned sour.

I am reminded here of the undergraduate who observed in an essay: "In the first part of 'Culture and Anarchy,' Matthew Arnold describes the importance of culture, and in the second he shows how it leads to anarchy." What, of course, Arnold showed was how artistic objectivity, the current of fresh ideas, the best that was known and thought, stood against anarchy; today we are closer to the undergraduate's view that culture stands *with* anarchy. For artistic objectivity has turned to artistic alienation; and the modern spectacle is of the artist doubtful about himself, his social role, and his own ends.

Yet if art, and especially literature, is to go on serving as a stimulus to, and a center for, the expanding human imagination, if it is to function as a focus of general human advance instead of merely solving the psychological and social problems of the disturbed and marginal artist, it must develop a sense of function that includes an ideal of its own continuity.

It is the loss of this conviction, a conviction that underlies much of our best literature, that seems to have sapped the English novel and English poetry today. No doubt a nonliberal literature will develop and survive, but that is not the issue; it is with keeping the literary intelligence at the center of our civilization that the modern liberal must be concerned.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. downfall. 2. rowel. 3. Howells. 4. prowler. 5. knowingly. 6. cowslip. 7. Cromwell. 8. blowhole. 9. Mowgli. 10. allowable. 11. trowel. 12. dowel. 13. snowplow. 14. Lowell.

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(Continued from page 49)

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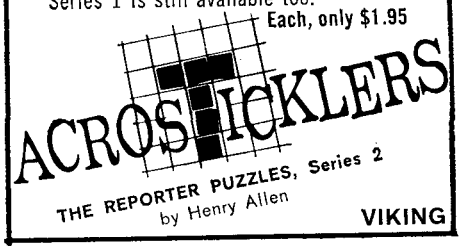

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1474

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Basic classification of the acrobatic or "eccentric" dancer.	17 102 181 153 33 91 29 136 168 191 161 / 154 22
B. Striking features of the characteristic native canoes of Polynesia.	98 61 46 121 36 111 166 142 74 45
C. Movement, usually involuntary, of face muscles, indicating merriment, satisfaction, derision, accompanied by interrupted expulsion of air from the lungs.	58 90 6 38 117 48 122 143
D. Brit. protectorate, in central S. Africa.	63 144 1 160 194 41 15 186 18 69 25 / 150
E. The quarantine flag (2 wds.).	184 79 32 86 131 140 145 26 175 157
F. Dwarf chestnut or its fruit.	84 141 14 37 193 76 148 105 152 94
G. Important notables in any community (2 wds.; familiar expression not listed as a phrase in WNI).	7 177 95 126 54 80 118 192 30 133 62
H. Document delivered to a third person, to be yielded by him to one party to an agreement on completion of an obligation.	158 129 9 24 75 169
I. A nickname for Arizona (2 wds.).	81 55 8 173 70 139 190 149 64 196 115 / 156 60 4

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
J. Showing little or no struggle.	59 130 72 68 112 164 155 176 16 43
K. Describing a loom, or the tapestry made on it, whose lengthwise threads are strung horizontally (comp.).	40 73 51 151 113 99 185
L. Persons appointed to assist a judge with special knowledge.	52 20 42 100 127 165 34 107 198
M. Lies.	114 2 103 109 187 10 67 49 163
N. Shelley's word to describe Adonais, when he left "the trodden paths of men".	89 44 171 195 135 179 50 53 108 119 78
O. Specifying armor made of lozenge - shaped metal pieces.	77 65 92 159 174 21 182
P. A crystal of one species enclosed in another.	31 56 71 125 97 93 183 5 189
Q. Assistant to a manager, esp. of a mine, usually engaged in overseeing.	23 88 57 123 132 28 110 134 35 82 167
R. More repulsively offensive.	178 13 83 116 128 87 162
S. Disgrace.	106 120 170 47 3 172 66 147
T. Partisan of government by the mob.	19 101 138 27 146 188 11 85 197
U. Lumps, esp. of native precious metal.	124 180 137 39 96 12 104

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 D	2 M	3 S	4 I		5 P	6 C	7 G	8 I		9 H	10 M
11 T	12 U	13 R	14 F	15 D	16 J			17 A	18 D	19 T	20 L	21 O		22 A	23 Q	24 H	25 D	
26 E	27 T	28 Q		29 A	30 G	31 P			32 E	33 A	34 L	35 Q	36 B	37 F	38 C		39 U	40 K
41 D	42 L	43 J	44 N	45 B		46 B	47 S			48 C	49 M	50 N		51 K	52 L	53 N	54 G	
55 I	56 P	57 Q		58 C	59 J	60 I		61 B	62 G		63 D	64 I		65 O	66 S	67 M	68 J	
	69 D	70 I	71 P		72 J	73 K	74 B		75 H	76 F	77 O	78 N	79 E	80 G	81 I	82 Q	83 R	
	84 F	85 T	86 E	87 R	88 Q	89 N	90 C	91 A	92 O		93 P	94 F	95 G	96 U		97 P	98 B	
99 K	100 L		101 T	102 A	103 M	104 U	105 F	106 S	107 L	108 N		109 M	110 Q		111 B	112 J	113 K	
114 M	115 I		116 R	117 C	118 G	119 N		120 S	121 B	122 C	123 Q	124 U		125 P	126 G	127 L	128 R	
129 H		130 J	131 E	132 Q		133 G	134 Q	135 N	136 A	137 U	138 T	139 I		140 E	141 F	142 B	143 C	
144 D		145 E	146 T	147 S		148 F	149 I	150 D		151 K	152 F	153 A		154 A	155 J	156 I	157 E	
158 H		159 O	160 D	161 A	162 R	163 M	164 J	165 L		166 B	167 Q	168 A	169 H	170 S		171 N	172 S	
173 I	174 O	175 E	176 J		177 G	178 R		179 N	180 U	181 A	182 O	183 P	184 E		185 K	186 D	187 M	
188 T	189 P	190 I	191 A	192 G		193 F	194 D	195 N	196 I	197 T	198 L							

Solution of last week's Double Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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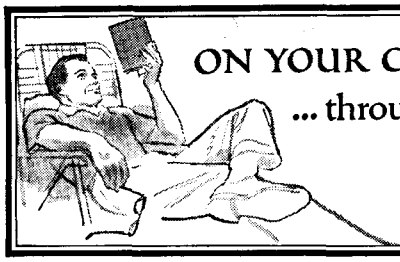

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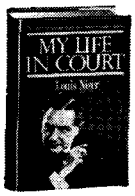

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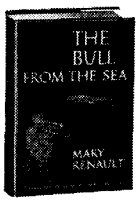

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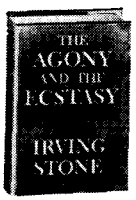

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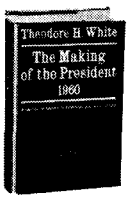

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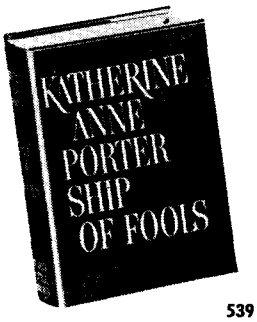

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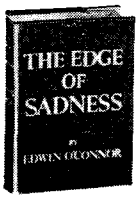

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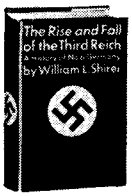

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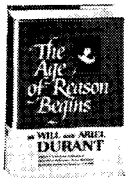

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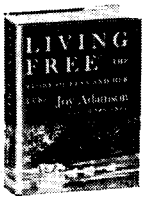

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